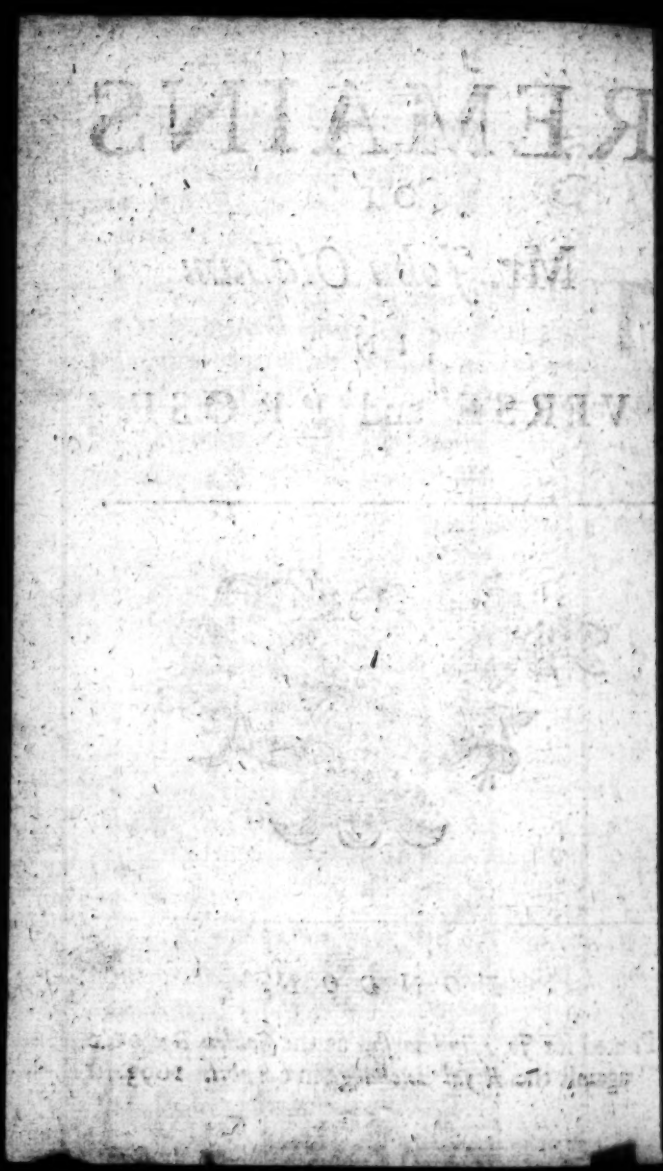
REMAINS
OF
Mr. *John Oldham*
IN
VERSE and PROSE.

LONDON:
ted for *Jo. Hindmarsh*, at the *Golden Ball* over
ainst the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhil.* 1693.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of these following Poems being dead, the Publisher thought fit to acquaint the World, that the reason why he exposed them now in Print, was not so much for his own Interest (tho a Bookseller that disclaims Interest for a pretence, will no more be believed now adays, than a thorough paced Fanatick, that pretends he makes a journey to New England purely for Conscience sake) but for securing the reputation of Mr. Oldham; which might otherwise have suffered from worse hands, and out of a desire he has to Print the last Remains of his friend since he had the good fortune to publish first his Pieces.

He confesses it is the greatest piece of injustice to publish the posthumous Works of Authors, especially such, that we may suppose they had brought to the File and sent out with more advantages into the World, had they not been prevented by untimely death; and therefore assures you he had never presumed to Print these follow-

ing Miscellanies, had they not already been countenanced by men of unquestionable repute and esteem.

He is not of the same persuasion with several others of his own profession, that never care how much they lessen the reputation of the Poet, if they can but inhanse the value of the Book; that ransack the Studies of the deceased, and Print all that passed under the Author's hand, from Fifteen to Forty, and upwards: and (as the incomparable Mr. Cowley *has expresst it) think a rude heap of ill-placed Stones a better Monument than a neat Tomb of Marble.*

To

To the Memory of
Mr. *OLDHAM.*

FArewel, too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own;
For ſure our Souls were near ally'd; and thine
Caſt in the ſame Poetick mould with mine.
One common Note on either Lyre did ſtrike,
And Knaves and Fools we both abhorr'd alike:
To the ſame Goal did both our Studies drive,
The laſt ſet out the ſooneſt did arive.
Thus *Niſus* fell upon the ſlippery place, (Race.
While his young Friend perform'd and won the
O early ripe! to thy abundant ſtore
What could advancing Age have added more?
It might (what Nature never gives the young)
Have taught the numbers of thy native Tongue.
But Satyr needs not thoſe, and Wit will ſhine
Through the harſh cadence of a rugged line.
A noble Error, and but ſeldom made,
When Poets are by too much force betray'd,
Thy generous fruits, though gather'd ere their prime
Still ſhew'd a quickneſs; and maturing time
But mellows what we write to the dull ſweets of Rhime.
Once more, hail and farewel; farewel you young,
But ah too ſhort, *Marcellus* of our Tongue;
Thy Brows with Ivy, and with Laurels bound;
But Fate and gloomy Night encompaſs thee around.

 John Dryden.

Authori Epitaphium.

Hoc, ô Viator, marmore conditæ
Charæ recumbunt Exuviæ brevem
Viventis (oh! sors dura) vitam,
Præcoce cœlum animâ petentis.
Nec præpedita est Mens celeris diù,
Quin Pustularum mille tumoribus
Efflоruit, portisque mille
Præpes iter patefecit altum.
Musarum Alumnus jam fuit, artibus
Instructus almis, quas, studio pio,
Atque aure quàm fidâ repostas,
Oxonii *colуit Parentis.*
Hîc quadriennis præmia Filii
Dignus recepi, Vellera candida,
Collati Honoris signa, necnon
Innocui simulacra cordis.
Sed manè montis summa cacumina
Ascendit ardens, Pierio jugo
Insedit, atque errore multo
Ipsum Helicona *scatere vidit.*
Nunc pura veri Flumina perspicit,
Nunc mira Mundi semina concipit,
Pulchraque primævi figuras,
In speculo species creante,
At Tu, viator, Numina poscito,
Ut dissolutis reliquiis, vaga
Dum mens remigret, detur —— ah! sit
Terra levis, placidusque somnus.

On

On the Death of Mr. John Oldham.

A Pindarique Paſtoral Ode.

Stanza I.

UNdoubtedly 'tis thy peculiar Fate,
Ah, miſerable *Aſtragon!*
Thou art condemn'd alone
To bear the Burthen of a wretched Life,
Still in this howling Wilderneſs to roam,
While all thy Boſom-friends unkindly go,
And leave thee to lament them here below.
Thy dear *Alexis* would not ſtay,
Joy of thy Life, and Pleaſure of thine Eyes,
Dear *Alexis* went away
With an invincible Surprize;
Th' Angel like Youth early diſlik'd this State,
And cheartfully ſubmitted to his Fate.
Never did Soul of a Celeſtial Birth
Form a purer piece of Earth.
O that 'twere not in vain
To wiſh what's paſt might be retriev'd again!
Thy Dotage, thy *Alexis*, then
Had anſwer'd all thy Vows and Pray'rs,
And Crown'd with pregnant Joys thy ſilver Hairs,
Lov'd to this day among the living Sons of Men.

II.

And thou, my Friend, haſt left me too,
Menalcas! poor *Menalcas!* even thou,

Of whom so loudly Fame has spoke
In the Records of her immortal Book,
Whose disregarded Worth Ages to come
Shall wail with Indignation o'er thy Tomb.
Worthy wert thou to live, as long as Vice
Should need a Satyr, that the frantick Age
Might tremble at the Lash of thy poetick Rage.
Th' untutor'd World in after Times
May live uncensur'd for their Crimes,
Freed from the Dreads of thy reforming Pen,
Turn'd to old *Chaos* once again.
Of all th'instructive Bards, whose more than *Theban*
Lyre
Could savage Souls with manly Thoughts inspire,
Menalcas worthy was to live.
Say, you his Fellow-Shepherds that survive,
Tell me, you mournful Swains,
Has my ador'd *Menalcas* left behind,
In all these pensive Plains
A gentler Shepherd with a braver mind;
Which of you all did more Majestick Show,
Or wore the Garland on a sweeter Brow?

III.

——But wayward *Astragon* resolves no more
The loss of his *Menalcas* to deplore:
Is altogether blest;
There no Clouds o'erwhelm his Breast,
No midnight Cares can break his Rest;
For all is everlasting cheerful Dawn.
The Poet's Bliss there shall he long possess,
Perfect Ease and soft Recess;

The

The treacherous World no more ſhall him deceive,
Of Hope and Fortune he has taken Leave:
And now in mighty Triumph does he reign,
(His Head adorn'd with Beams of Light)
O'er the unthinking Rabble's Spight,
And the dull wealthy Fool's diſdain.
Thrice happy he that dies the Muſes Friend,
He needs no *Obeliſque*, no Pyramid
His ſacred Duſt to hide;
He needs not for his Memory to provide;
For he might well foreſee his Praiſe can never end.

Thomas Flatman.

In Memory of the Author.

TAke this ſhort-ſummon'd looſe unfiniſht Verſe
Cold as thy Tomb, and ſudden as thy Herſe;
From my ſick Thoughts thou canſt no better crave,
Who ſcarce drag Life, and envy thee thy Grave.
Me *Phœbus* always faintly did inſpire,
And gave my narrow Breaſt more ſcanty Fire.
My *Hybla* Muſe through humble Meads ſought
Collecting little Sweets with mighty Toil; (Spoil.
Yet when ſome Friend's juſt Fame did Theme afford,
Her Voice amongſt the tow'ring Swans was heard,
In vain for ſuch Attendance now I call,
My Ink o'erflows with Spleen, my Blood with Gall;

Yet,

Yet, sweet *Alexis*, my Esteem of thee
Was equal to thy Worth and Love for me.
Death is my Gain—that Thought affects me most,
I care not what th' ill-natur'd World has lost.
For Wit with thee expir'd, how shall I grieve?
Who grudge th' ingrateful Age what thou didst
The Tribute of their Verse let others send, (leave,
And mourn the Poet gone, I mourn the Friend.
Enjoy the Fate — thy Predecessors come,
Cowley and *Butler* to conduct thee home.
Who would not (*Butler* cries) like me engage
New Worlds of Wit to serve a grateful Age?
For such Rewards what Task will Authors shun?
I pray, Sir, is my *Monument* begun?
Enjoy thy Fate, thy Voice in Anthems raise;
So well tun'd here on Earth to our *Apollo*'s Praise:
Let me retire, while some sublimer Pen
Performs for thee what thou hast done for *Homer* and for *Ben*.

N. T.

On the ensuing Poems *of Mr.* John Oldham, *and the Death of his good Friend the ingenious Author.*

OBscure and cloudy did the day appear,
As Heaven design'd to blot it from the year;
The Elements all seem'd to disagree,
At least, I'm sure, they were at strife in me:

Possest

ffeſt with Spleen, which Melancholy bred,
hen Rumor told me that my Friend was dead,
at *Oldham* honour'd for his early Worth,
as cropt, like a ſweet Bloſſom from the Earth,
here late he grew, delighting every Eye
his rare Garden of Philoſophy.
he fatal Sound new Sorrows did infuſe,
nd all my Griefs were doubled at the News:
or we with mutual Arms of Friendſhip ſtrove,
riendſhip the true and ſolid part of Love;
nd he ſo many Graces had in ſtore,
hat Fame or Beauty could not bind me more.
is Wit in his immortal Verſe appears,
any his Virtues were, tho' few his Years;
hich were ſo ſpent as if by Heaven contriv'd,
o laſh the Vices of the longer liv'd.
one was more skilful, none more learn'd than he,
Poet in its ſacred Quality:
ſpir'd above, and could command each Paſſion,
ad all the Wit without the Affectation.
Calm of Nature ſtill poſſeſt his Soul,
o canker'd Envy did his Breaſt controul;
odeſt as Virgins that have never known
he jilting Breeding of the nauſeous Town;
nd eaſie as his Numbers that ſublime
is lofty Strains, and beautifie his Rhime,
ill the Time's Ignominy inſpir'd his Pen,
nd rouz'd the drowſie Satyr from his Den;
hen fluttering Fops were his Averſion ſtill,
nd felt the Power of his Satyrick Quill.
he Spark, whoſe Noiſe proclaims his empty Pate,
hat ſtruts along the *Mall* with antick Gate;

And

And all the *Phyllis* and the *Chloris* Fools
Were damn'd by his invective Muse in Shoals.
Who on the Age look'd with impartial Eyes,
And aim'd not at the Person, but the Vice.
To all true Wit he was a constant Friend,
And as he well could judge, could well commend.
The mighty *Homer* he with Care perus'd,
Adn that great *Genius* to the World infus'd;
Immortal *Virgil*, and *Lucretius* too,
And all the Seeds o'th' Soul his Reason knew:
Like *Ovid*, could the Ladies Hearts assail,
With *Horace* sing, and lash with *Juvenal*.
Unskill'd in nought that did with Learning dwell,
But Pride to know he understood it well.
Adieu thou modest Type of perfect Man;
Ah, had not thy Perfections that began
In Life's bright Morning been eclips'd so soon,
We all had bask'd and wanton'd in thy Noon;
But Fate grew envious of thy growing Fame,
And knowing Heav'n from whence thy *Genius* came,
Assign'd thee by immutable Decree
A glorious Crown of Immortality.
Snatch'd thee from all thy mourning Friends below,
Just as the Bays were planting on thy Brow.
Thus worldly Merit has the Worlds Regard;
But Poets in the next have their Reward;
And Heaven in *Oldham's* Fortune seem'd to show,
No Recompence was good enough below:
So to prevent the Worlds ingrateful Crimes,
Enrich'd his Mind, and bid him die betimes.

T. Durfey.

On the Death of Mr. John Oldham.

HArk! is it only my prophetick Fear,
Or ſome Death's ſad Alarum that I hear?
By all my Doubts 'tis *Oldham's* fatal Knell;
It rings aloud, eternally farewel:
Farewel thou mighty *Genius* of our Iſle,
Whoſe forward Parts made all our Nation ſmile,
In whom both Wit and Knowledge did conſpire,
And Nature gaz'd as if ſhe did admire
How ſuch few years ſuch Learning could acquire:
Nay ſeem'd concern'd that we ſhould hardly find
So ſharp a Pen, and ſo ſerene a Mind.
Oh then lament; let each diſtracted Breaſt
With univerſal Sorrow be poſſeſt.
Mourn, mourn, ye Muſes, and your Songs give o'er;
For now your lov'd *Adonis* is no more.
He whom ye tutor'd from his Infant years,
Cold, pale and ghaſtly as the Grave appears:
He whom ye bath'd in your lov'd murmuring Stream,
Your daily pleaſure, and your mighty Theme,
Is now no more; the Youth, the Youth is dead,
The mighty Soul of Poetry is fled;
Fled ere his Worth or Merit was half known;
No ſooner ſeen, but in a moment gone:
Like to ſome tender Plant, which rear'd with Care,
At length becomes more fragrant, and moſt fair;

Long

Long does it thrive, and long its Pride maintain,
Eſteem'd ſecure from Thunder, Storm or Rain;
Then comes a Blaſt, and all the Work is vain.
But Oh! my Friend, muſt we no more rehearſe
Thy equal Numbers in thy pleaſing Verſe?
In Love how ſoft, in Satyr how ſevere?
In Paſſion moving, and in Rage auſtere
Virgil in Judgment, *Ovid* in Delight,
An eaſie Thought with a *Meonian* Flight;
Horace in Sweetneſs, *Juvenal* in Rage,
And even *Biblis* muſt each Heart engage!
Juſt in his Praiſes, and what moſt deſire,
Wou'd flatter none for Greatneſs, Love, or Hire;
Humble, though courted, and what's rare to ſee,
Of wondrous Worth, yet wondrous Modeſty.
So far from Oſtentation he did ſeem,
That he was meaneſt in his own Eſteem.
Alas, young man, why wert thou made to be
At once our Glory and our Miſery?
Our Miſery in loſing thee is more
Than could thy Life our Glory be before:
For ſhou'd a Soul celeſtial Joys poſſeſs,
And ſtraight be baniſh'd from that Happineſs,
Oh, where would be its Pleaſure? where its Gain?
The Bliſs once taſted but augments the Pain:
So having once ſo great a Prize in thee,
How much the heavier muſt our Sorrows be?
For if ſuch Flights were in thy younger Days,
What if thou'dſt liv'd, O what had been thy Praiſe?
Eternal Wreaths of never dying Bays:
But thoſe are due already to thy Name,
Which ſtands enroll'd in the Records of Fame;

And

And though thy great Remains to Ashes turn,
With lasting Praises we'll supply thy Urn,
Which like Sepulchral Lamps shall ever burn.
But hold! methinks, great Shade, I see thee rove
Through the smooth Path of Plenty, Peace and Love;
Where *Ben* salutes thee first, o'erjoy'd to see
The Youth that sung his Fame and Memory:
Great *Spencer* next, with all the learned Train,
Do greet thee in a Panegyrick Strain:
Adonis is the Joy of all the Plain.

Tho. Andrews.

DAMON, an ECLOGUE

On the untimely Death of Mr. Oldham.

Corydon. Alexis.

BEneath a dismal Yew the Shepherds sate, (Fate?
And talk'd of *Damon*'s Muse and *Damon*'s
Their mutual Lamentations gave them Ease;
For sometimes Melancholy it self does please:
Like *Philomel* abandon'd to distress,
Yet ev'n their Griefs in Musick they express.

Cor. I'll sing no more since Verses want a Charm,
The Muses could not their own *Damon* arm:

At

At leaſt I'll touch this uſeleſs Pipe no more,
Unleſs, like *Orpheus*, I could Shades reſtore.
A. Rather, like *Orpheus* celebrate your Friend,
And with your Muſick Hell it ſelf ſuſpend;
Tax *Proſerpine* of Cruelty and Hate,
And ſing of *Damon*'s Muſe, and *Damon*'s Fate.
C. When *Damon* ſung, he ſung with ſuch a Grace,
Lord, how the very *London* brutes did gaze!
Sharp was his Satyr, nor allay'd with Gall;
'Twas Rage, 'twas generous Indignation all.
A. Oh had he liv'd, and to Perfection grown,
Not like *Marcellus*, only to be ſhown;
He would have charm'd their Senſe a nobler way,
Taught Virgins how to ſigh, and Prieſts to pray.
C. Let Prieſts and Virgins then to him addreſs,
And in their Songs their Gratitude expreſs,
While we that know the Worth of eaſie Verſe,
Secure the Laurel to adorn his Herſe.
A. Codrus, you know, that ſacred Badge does wear,
And 'twere injurious not to leave it there;
But ſince no Merit can ſtrike Envy dumb,
Do you with *Baccar*, guard and grace his Tomb.
C. While you (dear Swain) with unaffected Rhime,
Majeſtick, ſad, and ſuited to the Time,
His Name to future Ages conſecrate,
By praiſing of his Muſe, and mourning of his Fate.
A. Alas, I never muſt pretend to this,
My Pipe ſcarce knows a Tune but what is his:
Let future Ages then for *Damon*'s ſake,
From his own Works a juſt *Idea* take.

Yet

et then, but like *Alcides* he'll be ſhown,
nd from his meaneſt part his Size be known.
G. 'Twill be your Duty then to ſet it down.
d. Once and but once (ſo Heaven and Fate ordain)
et the gentle Youth upon the Plain,
indly, cries he, if you *Alexis* be,
nd though I know you not you muſt be he;
oo long already we have ſtrangers been,
his Day, at leaſt, our Friendſhip muſt begin.
t Buſineſs, that perverſe Intruder, wait,
o be above it is poetical and great.
hen with *Aſſyrian* Nard our Heads did ſhine,
hile rich *Sabean* Spice exalts the Wine;
hich to a juſt Degree our Spirits fir'd;
t he was by a greater God inſpir'd:
t was the Theme, which he did well deſcribe,
ith Modeſty unuſual to his Tribe.
t as with ominous Doubts, and aking Heart,
hen Lovers after firſt Enjoyment part,
t half content; for this was but a Taſte,
nd wond'ring how the Minutes flew ſo faſt,
hey vow a Friendſhip that ſhall ever laſt.
o we —— but oh how much am I accurs'd!
o think that this laſt Office is my firſt.

Occasioned by the present Edition of the ensuing Poems, *and the Death of the ingenious* Author.

CUrs'd be the day when first this Godly Ile
Vile Books, and useless thinking did defile.
In *Greek* and *Latin* Bogs our Time we waste,
VVhen all is Pain and Weariness at best:
Mountains of Whims and Doubts we travel o'er,
VVhile treacherous Fancy dances on before:
Pleas'd with our Danger still we stumble on,
Too late repent, and are too soon undone.
Let *Bodley* now in its own ruins lie,
By th' common Hangman burnt for Heresie.
Avoid the nasty *learned* dust, 'twill breed
More Plagues than ever Jakes or Dunghils did,
The want of Dulness will the VVorld undo,
'Tis learning makes us mad and Rebels too.
Learning, a Jilt which while we do enjoy,
Slily our Rest and Quiet steals away:
That greedily the Blood of Youth receives,
And nought but Blindness and a Dotage gives.
VVorse than the Pox, or scolding VVoman fly
The awkward Madness of Philosophy.
That *Bedlam Besse*, *Religion* never more
Phantastick, pie ball'd, antick Dresses wore:
Opinion, Pride, Moroseness gives a Fame;
'Tis Folly, christen'd with a modish Name.

Let

dull Divinity no more delight;
spoils the Man, and makes an *Hypocrite*;
he chief Professors to Preferment fly,
Cringe and Scrape, the basest *Simony*.
humble Clown will best the Gospel teach,
inspir'd Ignorance sounder Doctrines preach.
way to Heaven more Nature well does shew,
Which reasoning and Disputes can never know.
still proud Tyrant *Senct* in Pomp appears,
claims a Tribute of full threescore Years.
d in a Sash, with Darkness circl'd round,
Smoke and *Monkeys* drown'd:
horious Folly, and compendious Art;
waste that Life whose longest Date's too short.
horious Folly, to wind up with Pain!
What Death unravels soon, and renders vain.
blindly hurry on in Mystick ways,
wisely tread the Paths of solid Praise.
here's nought deserves one precious drop of
Poetry, the noblest Gift of Fate,
Which after Death does a more lasting Life beget.
that which sudden, frantick Heats produce,
Where Wit and Pride, not Heaven, shall raise the
Muse.
that small Stock which does Translators make;
That Trade poor Bankrupt Poetasters take:
such, when God his *Fiat* did express,
powerful Numbers wrought an Universe.
With such great *David* tun'd his charming Lyre,
That even *Saul* and *Madness* could admire.
With such great *Oldham* bravely did excel,
That *David*'s Lamentation sung so well.

Oldham! the Man that could with Judgment write,
Our *Oxford's* Glory, and the World's Delight.
Sometimes in boundless Keeneſt Satyr bold,
Sometimes as ſoft as thoſe Love-tales he told.
That Vice could praiſe, and Virtue too diſgrace;
The firſt *Exceſs* of Wit that e'er did pleaſe.
Scarce *Cowley* ſuch Pindarique ſoaring knew,
Yet by his Reader ſtill was kept in view.
His Fancy, like *Jove's* Eagle, liv'd above,
And bearing Thunder ſtill would upward move.
Oh noble *Kingſton!* had thy lovely Gueſt
With a large ſtock of Youth and Life been bleſt;
Not all thy Greatneſs, or thy Vertues ſtore
Had ſafer Comforts been, or pleas'd thee more.
But Oh! the date is ſhort of mighty Worth,
And Angels never tarry long on Earth.
His ſoul, the bright, the pure Etherial Flame
To thoſe lov'd Regions flew, from whence it came.
And ſpight of what Mankind had long believ'd,
My Creed ſays only Poets can be ſav'd.
That God has only for a number ſtaid,
To ſtop the breach, which Rebel Angels made.
For none their abſence can ſo well ſupply;
They are all o'er Seraphick Harmony.
Then, and not that till then the World ſhall burn,
And its baſe Droſs, Mankind, their fortune mourn,
While all to their old nothing quick return.
The peeviſh Critick then ſhall be aſham'd,
And for his *Sins* of Vanity be damn'd.

Oxon. May the 26th. 1684.

T. Wood.

On the Death of Mr. Oldham,

A PASTORAL.

ON the Remains of an old blasted Oak
Unmindful of himself *Menalcas* lean'd:
He sought not now in heat the shades of Trees,
Nor shun'd the flowing Rivers pleasing Bank.
His Pipe and Hook lay scatter'd on the Grass:
Nor fed his Sheep together on the Plain,
Left to themselves they wandred out at large.
In this lamenting state Young *Corydon*
(His Friend and Dear Companion of his Hour)
Finding *Menalcas*, asks him thus the Cause.

Corydon.

Thee have I sought in every shady Grove,
By purling Streams, and in each private Place,
Where we have us'd to sit and talk of Love.
Why do I find thee leaning on an Oak,
By Lightning blasted and by Thunder rent?
What cursed Chance has turn'd thy chearful Mind?
And why wilt thou have woes unknown to me?
But I would comfort and not chide my Friend!
Tell me thy Grief, and let me bear a Part.

Young *Aſtrophel* is dead, Dear *Aſtrophel*,
He that could Tune ſo well his charming Pipe:
To hear whoſe Lays Nymphs left their Cryſtal Spring,
The *Fawns* and *Dryades* forſook the VVoods,
And hearing, all were raviſh'd: Swifteſt Streams
With-held their Courſe to hear the Heavenly Sound,
And murmur'd, when by following Waves preſt on,
The following VVaves forcing their Way to hear.
Oft the Fierce wolf purſuing of the Lamb,
Hungry and wildly certain of his Prey,
Left the Purſuit rather than loſe the Sound,
Of his alluring Pipe: The Harmleſs Lamb
Forgot his Nature and forſook his Fear,
Stood by the Wolf and liſtned to the Sound.
He could command a general Peace and Nature would obey.
This Youth, this Youth is dead, the ſame Diſeaſe,
That carried ſweet *Orinda* from the VVorld,
Seiz'd upon *Aſtrophel*: Oh Let theſe Tears
Be offer'd to the Memory of my Friend,
And let my Speech give way a while to Sighs.

Corydon.

VVeep on *Menalcas*, for his Fate requires
The Tears of all Mankind: General the Loſs,
And General the Grief, except by Fame
I knew him not, but ſurely this is he,

VVho

Who Sung learn'd * *Collin*'s, or great * *Ægon*'s Praise? * *Spencer* and *Johnson*;
Dead ere he liv'd, yet have new Life from him.
Did he not mourn lamented * *Bion*'s Death; * *Rochester*.
In Verse equal to what *Bion* wrote:

Menalcas.

Yet this was he (oh that I say he was)
He that could sing the Shepherds deeds so well.
Whether to praise the Good he turn'd his Pen,
Or lasht the egregious Folly of the Bad,
In both he did excel.——
His happy Genius bid him take the Pen,
And dictated more fast than he could write,
Sometimes becoming Negligence adorn'd
His Verse, and Nature shew'd they were her own.
Yet Art he us'd, where Art could useful be,
But sweated not to be correctly dull.

Corydon.

Had Fate allow'd his Life a longer thread,
Adding Experience to that wondrous Fraught
Of Youthful Vigor, how would he have wrought!

Menalcas.

We wish for Life, not thinking of its Cares,
I mourn his Death, the loss of such a Friend:
But for himself he dyed in the best Hour,

And carryed with him ev'ry mans Applause,
Youth meets not with Detractions blotting hand,
Nor suffers ought from Envy's canker'd Mind.
Had he known Age, he would have seen the World,
Put on its ugliest but its truest Face:
Malice had watch'd the Droppings of his Pen,
And ignorant Youths, who would for Criticks pass,
Had thrown their scornful Jests upon his Vene,
And censur'd what they did not understand.
Such was not my Dear *Astrophel*: he's dead,
And I shall quickly follow him, what's Death,
But an eternal Sleep without a Dream?
Wrapt in a lasting Darkness, and exempt
From Hope and Fear, and ev'ry idle Passion.

Corydon.

See thy Complaints have mov'd the pitying Skies,
They mourn the Death of *Astrophel* in Tears.
Thy Sheep return'd from straying, round they gaze,
And wonder at thy mourning: Drive them Home,
And tempt thy troubled mind with easing Sleep.
To Morrow chearful Light may give thee Comfort.

To

To the Memory of Mr. JOHN OLDHAM.

BUT that 'tis dangerous for Man to be
Too buſie with Immutable Decree,
I could, dear Friend, ev'n blame thy cruel Doom,
That lent ſo much, to be requir'd ſo ſoon:
The Flow'rs, in which the *Meads* are dreſt ſo gay,
Altho' they are ſhort liv'd, they live a Day;
Thou, in the Noon of Life wert ſnatch'd away:
Though not before thy Verſe had Wonders ſhown,
And bravely made the Age to come thine own!
The Company of Beauty, Wealth, and Wine,
Were not ſo charming, not ſo ſweet as thine;
They quickly periſh; yours was ſtill the ſame,
An Everlaſting, but a Lambent Flame;
Which ſomething ſo reſiſtleſs did impart,
It ſtill through ev'ry Ear, won ev'ry Heart:
Unlike the Wretch that ſtrives to get Eſteem,
Nay, thinks it fine and Janty to blaſpheme,
And can be witty on no other Theme:
Ah Fooliſh men, (whom thou didſt ſtill deſpiſe)
That muſt be wicked to be counted wiſe!
But thy Converſe was from this Errour free;
And yet, 'twas ev'ry thing true Wit can be:
None had it, but, ev'n with a Tear, does own,
The Soul of dear Society is gone.

But

But while we thus thy Native Sweetneſs ſing,
VVe ought not to forget thy Native Sting:
Thy Satyr ſpar'd no Follies, nor no Crimes;
Satyr! the beſt Reformer of the Times!
How wide ſhoot they, that ſtrive to blaſt thy Fame,
By ſaying, that thy Verſe was rough and lame!
They would have Satyr their Compaſſion move,
And writ ſo plyant, nicely, and ſo ſmooth,
As if the Muſe were in a Flux of Love:
But who of Knaves, and Fops, and Fools would
Muſt Force, and Fire, and Indignation bring; (ſing,
For 'tis no Satyr, if it has no Sting:
In ſhort, who in that Field would Famous be,
Muſt think, and write like *Juvenal* and Thee.
Let others boaſt of all the Mighty Nine,
To make their Labours with more Luſtre ſhine;
I never had no other Muſe but Thee;
Ev'n thou wert all the Mighty Nine to me:
'Twas thy dear Friendſhip did my Breaſt inſpire,
And warm'd it firſt with a Poetick Fire;
But 'tis a warmth that does with Thee expire:
For when the Sun is ſet that guides the Day,
The Travellet muſt ſtop, or loſe his Way.

Robert Gould.

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COUN-

COUNTERPART TO THE SATYR against VERTUE.

In Person of the Author.

I.

PArdon me, Vertue, whatsoe'er thou art
(For sure thou of the God-head art a part,
And all that is of him must be
The very Deity)
Pardon, if I in ought did thee blaspheme,
Or injure thy pure Sacred Name:
Accept unfeign'd Repentance, Prayers and Vows,
The best Atonement of my penitent humble Muse,
The best that Heaven requires, or Mankind can produce.
All my Attempts hereafter shall at thy Devotion be.
Ready to consecrate my Ink and very Blood to thee,
Forgive me, ye blest Souls that dwell above,

Where

Where you by its reward the worth of Vertue prove.
Forgive (if you can do't) who know no Passion now
(but Love.
And you unhappy happy few,
Who strive with Life, and Humane Miseries below,
Forgive me too,
If I in ought disparag'd them, or else discourag'd you.

II.

Blest Vertue! whose Almighty Power
Does to our fallen Race restore
All that in Paradise, we lost, and more,
Lifts us to Heaven, and makes us be
The Heirs and Image of the Deity.
Soft gentle Yoak! which none but restly Fools refuse,
Which before freedom I would ever chuse.
Easie are all the Bonds that are impos'd by thee;
Easie as those of Lovers are,
(If I with ought less pure may thee compare)
Nor do they force, but only guide our Liberty.
By such soft Ties are Spirits above confin'd;

So

So gentle is the Chain which them to Good does (bind.
e Card, whereby this frail and tott'ring Bark we (steer
Thro' Life's tempestuous Ocean here;
Thro' all the toffing Waves of Fear,
And dangerous Rocks of black Despair.
e is thy Conduct unconcern'd we move,
Secure from all the Threatning Storms that blow,
From all Attacks of Chance below,
nd reach the certain Haven of Felicity above.

III.

t Mistris of our Souls! whose Charms and Beau- (ties last,
And are by very Age increast,
By which all other Glories are defac'd:
Thou'rt thy own Dowry, and a greater far
Than All the Race of Woman kind e'er brought,
Tho' each of them like the first Wife were fraught,
And half the Universe did for her Portion share.
hat tawdry Sex, which giddy senseless we
Thro' Ignorance so vainly Deifie,

Are

Are all but glorious Brutes when un-endowed with (thee.
'Tis Vice alone, the truer Jilt, and worse.
In whose Enjoyment tho' we find
A flitting Pleasure, yet it leaves behind
A Pain and Torture in the Mind,
And claps the wounded Conscience with incurable Remorse,
Or else betrays us to the great Trepans of Humane (Kind.

IV.

'Tis Vice the greater Thraldom, harder Drudgery,
Whereby deposing Reason from its gentle Sway,
(That rightful Sovereign which we should obey)
We undergo a various Tyranny,
And to un-number'd servile Passions Homage pay,
These with *Ægyptian* Rigor us enslave,
And govern with unlimited command;
They make us endless Toil pursue,
And still their doubled Tasks renew,
To push on our too hasty Fate, and build our Grave,
Or which is worse, to keep us from the Promis'd Land.

Nor

Nor may we think our Freedom to retrieve,
We struggle with our heavy Yoak in vain:
In vain we strive to break that Chain,
Unless a Miracle relieve;
Unless the Almighty Wand enlargement give,
We never must expect Delivery,
Till Death, the universal Writ of Ease, does set us free.

V.

Some sordid Avarice in Vassallage confines,
Like *Roman* Slaves condemn'd to th'Mines;
These are in its harsh *Bridewel* lash'd and punished,
And with hard Labour scarce can earn their Bread,
Others Ambition, that Imperious Dame,
Exposes cruelly, like Gladiators, here
Upon the World's Great Theatre,
Thro' Dangers and thro' Blood they wade to Fame,
To purchase grinning Honour and an empty Name,
And some by Tyrant Lust are Captive led,
And with false Hopes of Pleasure fed;

Till tir'd with Slavery to their own Desires,
Life's o'er-charg'd Lamp goes out, and in a Snuff ex-
pires.

VI.

Consider we the little Arts of Vice,
The Stratagems and Artifice
Whereby she does attract her Votaries:
All those Allurements and those Charms,
Which pimp Transgressors to her Arms,
Are but foul Paint, and counterfeit Disguise,
To palliate her own conceal'd Deformities,
And for false empty Joys betray us to true solid
Harms.
In vain she would her Dowry boast,
Which clog'd with Legacies we never gain,
But with unvaluable Cost;
Which got we never can retain:
But must the greatest part be lost,
To the great Bubbles, Age or Chance, again.
'Tis vastly overballanc'd by the Joynture which we
make,
In which our lives, our souls, our All is set at stake,

Like

Like silly *Indians*, foolish we
With a known Cheat, a losing Traffick hold,
Whilst led by an ill-judging Eye,
W' admire a trifling Pageantry,
And merchandize our Jewels and our Gold,
For worthless Glass and Beads, or an *Exchange's*
Frippery.
If we a while maintain th' expensive Trade,
Such mighty Impost on the Cargo's laid,
Such a vast Custom to be paid,
We're forc'd at last like wretched Bankrupts to give
Clapt up by Death, and in Eternal Durance shut:

VII.

What art thou, Fame, for which so eagerly we strive?
What art thou but an empty Shade
By the Reflection of our Actions made?
Thou, unlike others, never follow'st us alive;
But like a Ghost, walk'st only after we are dead.

Posthumous Toy! vain after Legacy!
Which only ours can be,
When we our selves no more are we!
Fickle as vain! who dust on vulgar Breath depend,
Which we by dear experience find
More changeable, more veering than the unconstant Wind.

What art thou, Gold, that clear'st the Miser's eyes?
Which he does so devoutly idolize;
For whom he all his Rest and Ease does sacrifice.
'Tis Use alone can all thy value give,
And he from that no Benefit can e'er receive.
Curst Mineral! near Neigh'bring Hell begot,
Which all th' Infection of thy damned Neighbourhood hast brought.
Thou Baud to Murthers, Rapes and Treachery,
And every greater Name of Villany;
From thee they all derive their Stock and Pedigree.
Thou the lewd World with all its crying Crimes dost store,
And hardly wilt allow the Devil the cause of more.

And what is Pleasure which does most beguile?
That Syren which betrays us with a flattering
Smile.
We listen to the treacherous Harmony,
Which sings but our own Obequy.
The danger unperceiv'd till Death draw nigh;
Till drowning we want Pow'r to scape the fatal
Enemy.

VIII.

How frantick is the wanton Epicure!
Who a perpetual Surfeit will endure?
Who places all his chiefest Happiness
In the Extravagancies of Excess,
Which wise Sobriety esteems but a Disease?
O mighty envied Happiness to eat!
Which fond mistaken Sots call Great!
Poor Frailty of our Flesh! which we each day
Must thus repair for fear of ruinous decay!
Degrading of our Nature, where vile Brutes are
To make and keep up Man!

Which, when the Paradise above we gain,
Heav'n thinks too great an Imperfection to retain!
By each Disease the sickly Joy's destroy'd;
At every Meal it's nauseous and cloy'd,
Empty at best, as when in Dream enjoy'd;
When, cheated by a slumbering Imposture, we
Fansie a Feast, and great *Regalio*'s by;
And think we taste, and think we see,
And riot on imaginary Luxury.

IX.

Grant me, O Virtue, thy more solid lasting Joy;
Grant me the better Pleasures of the Mind,
Pleasures, which only in pursuit of thee we find,
Which Fortune cannot marr, nor Chance destroy
One Moment in thy blest Enjoyment is
Worth an Eternity of that tumultuous Bliss,
Which we derive from Sence,
Which often cloys, and must resign to Impotence.
Grant me but this, how will I triumph in my happy State?

Above

Above the Changes and Reverse of Fate;
Above her Favours and her Hate.
I'll scorn the worthless Treasures of *Peru*,
And those of t'other *Indies* too.
I'll pity *Cæsar's* self with all his Trophies and his (Fame,
And the vile brutish Herd of Epicures contemn,
And all the Under-shrievalties of Life not worth a (Name.
Nor will I only owe my Bliss,
Like others, to a Multitude,
Where Company keeps up a forced Happiness;
Should all Mankind surcease to live,
And none but individual I survive,
Alone I would be happy, and enjoy my Solitude.
Thus shall my Life in pleasant Minutes wear,
Calm as the Minutes of the Evening are,
And gentle as the motions of the upper Air:
Soft as my Muse, and unconfin'd as she,
When flowing in the numbers of *Pindarique* liberty.
And when I see pale ghastly Death appear,
That grand inevitable Test which all must bear,

Which best distinguishes the blest and wretched here;
I'll smile at all its Horrors, court my welcome Destiny,
And yield my willing Soul up in an easie Sigh;
And Epicures that see shall envy and confess,
That I, and those who dare like me be good, the chiefest Good possess.

Virg.

Virg. ECLOGUE VIII.

The Enchantment.

Poet, *Damon*, *Alpheus*, Speakers.

Damon and *Alpheus*, the two Shepherds Strains
I mean to tell, and how they charm'd the Plains.
I'll tell their charming Numbers which the Herd,
Unmindful of their Grass, in Throngs admir'd,
At which fierce Savages astonish'd stood,
And every River stopt its list'ning Flood.
For you, Great *Sir*, whether with Cannons Roar
You spread your Terror to the *Holland* Shore,
Or with a gentle and a steady hand
In Peace and Plenty rule your Native Land.
Shall ever that auspicious Day appear,
When I your glorious Actions shall declare?

It

It ſhall, and I throughout the World rehearſe
Their Fame, fit only for a *Spencer's* Verſe.
With you my Muſe began, with you ſhall end:
Accept my Verſe that waits on your Command;
And deign this Ivy Wreath a place may find
Among the Laurels which your Temples bind:

'Twas at the time that Night's cool ſhades with-(drew,
And left the Graſs all hung with Pearly Dew;
When *Damon*, leaning on his Oaken Wand,
Thus to his Pipe in gentle Lays complain'd.

D. Ariſe, thou Morning, and drive on the Day,
While wretched I with fruitleſs words inveigh
Againſt falſe *Niſa*, while the Gods I call
With my laſt Breath, tho' hopeleſs to avail,
Tho' they regard not my Complaints at all.

Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
Menalus ever has its warbling Groves,
And taking Pines, it ever hears the Loves

Of

Of Shepherds, and the Notes of Mighty *Pan*,
The first that would not let the Reeds untun'd re-
main. (main.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard sung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
Mopsus weds *Nisa*, Gods! What Lover e'er
Need after this have reason to despair?
Griffins shall now leap Mares, and the next Age
The Deer and Hounds in Friendship shall engage.
Go, *Mopsus*, get the Torches ready soon;
Thou, happy Man, must have the Bride anon.
Go, Bridegroom, quickly, the Nut-scramble make.
The Evening-star quits *Oeta* for thy sake.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard sung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
How fitly art thou match'd who wast so nice!
Thou haughty Nymph who did'st all else despise!
Why slight'st so scornfully my Pipe, my Herd,
My rough grown Eye-brows, and unshaven Beard,
And think'st no God does mortal things regard.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard sung on the Mænalian *Plains.*

I saw thee young, and in thy Beauty's Bloom,
To gather Apples with thy Mother, come,
'Twas in our Hedg-rows, I was there with Pride,
To shew you to the best, and be your Guide.
Then I just entring my twelfth Year was found,
I then could reach the tender Boughs from ground.
Heav'ns! when I saw, how soon was I undone!
How to my heart did the quick Poyson run!
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard sung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
Now I'm convinc'd what Love is; the cold *North*
Sure in its craggy Mountains brought him forth,
Or *Africk's* wildest Desarts gave him Birth,
Amongst the Cannibals and Savage Race;
He never of our Kind, or Country was.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard sung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
Dire Love did once a Mother's Hand embrue
In Children's Blood; a cruel Mother, thou;
Hard 'tis to say of both which is the worst,
The cruel Mother, or the Boy accurst. He

He a curst Boy, a cruel Mother thou;
The Devil a whit to chuse betwixt the two.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard sung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
Let Wolves by Nature shun the Sheep-folds now
On the rough Oaks let Oranges now grow:
Let the coarse *Alders* bear the *Daffadill*,
And costly Amber from the Thorn distil:
Let Owls match Swans, let *Tyrrus Orpheus* be,
In the Woods *Orpheus*, and *Arion* on the Sea.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard sung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
Let all the World turn Sea, the Woods adieu!
To some high Mountains top I'll get me now,
And thence my self into the Waters throw.
There quench my Flames, and let the cruel She
Accept this my last dying Will and Legacy,
Cease now my Pipe, cease now those warbling Strains
Which I heard sung on the Mænalian *Plains.*

This

This *Damon*'s Song; relate ye Muſes now
Alphesus Reply: All cannot all things do.

A. Bring Holy Water, ſprinkle all around,
And ſee theſe Altars with ſoft Fillets bound:
Male-Frankincenſe, and juicy Vervain burn,
I'll try if I by Magick force can turn
My ſtubborn Love: I'll try if I can fire
His frozen Breaſt: Nothing but Charms are wanting here
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms;*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*
Charms in her wonted Courſe can ſtop the Moon,
And from her well fix'd Orb can call her down.
By Charms the mighty *Circe* (we are told)
Ulyſſes fam'd Companions chang'd of old.
Snakes, by the Vertue of Enchantment forc'd,
Oft in the Meads with their own Poiſon burſt.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms;*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

First, these three several Threads I compass round
Thy Image, thus in Magick Fetters bound:
Then round these Altars thrice thy Image bear;
Odd Numbers to the Gods delightful are.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

Go tie me in three knots three Ribands now,
And let the Ribands be of diff'rent Hue:
Go, *Amaryllis*, tie them strait, and cry,
At the same time, They're true love knots, I tye.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

Look how this Clay grows harder, and look how
With the same Fire this Wax doth softer grow;
So *Daphnis*, let him with my Love do so,
Strow Meal and Salt (for so these Rites require)
And set the crackling Laurel Boughs on fire:
This naughty *Daphnis* sets my Breast on flame,
And I this Laurel burn in *Daphnis* Name.

Bring

Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

As a poor Heifer, wearied in the Chase,
Of seeking her lov'd Steer from place to place,
Thro' Woods, thro' Groves, thro' Arable, and Waste,
On some green River's bank lies down at last:
There Lows her Moan, despairing, and forlorn,
And tho' belated, minds not to return;
Let *Daphnis*'s Case be such, and let not me
Take any Care to give a Remedy.

Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

These Garments erst the faithless Traitor left,
Dear Pledges of his Love, of which I'm reft:
Beneath the Threshold these I bury now,
In thee, O Earth; these Pledges *Daphnis* owe.

Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

Of

Of *Moeris* I these Herbs and Poysons had,
From *Pontus* brought: in *Pontus* flora are bred.
With these I've oft seen *Moeris* Wonders do
Turn himself Wolf, and to the Forest go:
I've often seen him Fields of Corn displace, (raise.
From whence they grew: and Ghosts in Church-yards
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

Go, Maid, go, bear the Ashes out at door, (pour,
And them forthwith into the neighb'ring current
Over thy Head, and don't look back be sure:
I'll try, what these on *Daphnis* will prevail,
The Gods he minds not, nor my Charms at all.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

Behold! the Ashes while we lingring stay,
While we neglect to carry them away,
Have reach'd the Altar, and have fir'd the Wood,
That lies upon't: Heav'n send it be for good!

Something I know not what's the matter; Hark!
I hear our *Lightfoot* in the Entry bark.
Shall I believe, or is it only Dream,
Which Lovers Fancies are too apt to frame?
Cease now ye Magick Charms, behold him come!
Cease needless Charms, my Daphnis *is at home!*

UPON

UPON THE MARRIAGE OF THE Prince of *ORANGE* WITH THE Lady *MARY*.

I.

AS when of Old ſome bright and Heav'nly Dame
A God of equal Majeſty did Wed;
Strait thro' the Court above the Tydings ſpread,
Strait at the News th' immortal Offspring came,

And all the Deities did the High Nuptials grace;
With no leſs Pomp, no leſs of Grandeur we
Behold this glad Solemnity,
And all confeſs an equal Joy.
And all expect as God-like and as great a Race:
Hark how united Shouts our Joys proclaim,
Which riſe in Gratitude to Heav'n from whence they came;
Gladſome next thoſe which brought our Royal Exile home,
When he reſum'd his long uſurped Throne:
Hark how the mighty Vollies rend the Air,
And ſhake at once the Earth and utmoſt Sphere;
Hark how the Bells harmonious Noiſe
Bear Conſort too with humane Joys;
Behold thoſe num'rous Fires, which up and down
Threaten almoſt new Conflagration to the Town.
Well do theſe Emblems, mighty *Orange*, ſpeak thy Fame,
Whoſe Loudneſs, Muſick, Brightneſs, all expreſs the ſame;

'Twas

Twas thus great *Jove* his *Semele* did Wed,
In Thunder and in Lightning so approach'd her bed.

II.

Hail happy Pair! kind Heav'ns great Hostages!
Sure Pledges of a firm and lasting Peace!
Call't not a Match, we that low Stile disdain,
Nor will degrade it with a Term so mean;
A League it must be said,
Where Countries thus Espouse, and Nations Wed:
Our Thanks, propitious Destiny!
Never did yet thy Pow'r dispence,
A more Plenipotentiary Influence,
Nor Heav'n more sure a Treaty ratifie:
To YOU, our great and gracious Monarch, too
An equal share of Thanks is due,
Nought could this mighty Work produce, but
Heav'n and You.
Let others Boast
Of Leagues, which Wars and Slaughter cost;

This Union by no Blood Cemented is,
Nor did its Harmony from Jars and Discords rise.
Not more to your great Ancestor we owe,
By whom two Realms into one Kingdom grow,
He join'd but what Nature had join'd before,
Lands disunited by no parting Shore:
By you to Foreign Countries we're Allied,
You make Us Continent whom Seas and Waves di-
(vide.

III.

How well, Brave Prince, do you by prudent Con-
duct prove
What was denied to mighty *Jove*,
Together to be Wise and Love?
(shew,
In this you highest Skill of Choice and Judgment
'Tis here display'd, and here rewarded too;
Others move only by unbridled guideless Heat,
But you mix Love with Policy, Passion with State:
You scorn'd the Painters Hands your Hearts
should tye,
(lye,
Which oft (and here they must) the Original be-
(For

(For how should Art that Beauty undertake,
Which Heav'n would strive in vain again to make?)
Taught by Religion you did better Methods try,
And worship'd not the Image, but the Deity:
Go, envied Prince, your glorious BRIDE receive,
Too great for ought but mighty YORK to give:
She, whom if none must Wed, but those who merit Her,
Monarchs might cease Pretence, and slighted Gods despair:
Think You in Her far greater Conquests gain,
Than all the Pow'rs of *France* have from your Country ta'ne.
In her fair Arms let your Ambition bounded lie,
And fancy there a Universal Monarchy!

IV.

And you, fair Princess, who could thus subdue,
What *France* with all its Forces could not do,

Enjoy your glorious Prize,
Enjoy the Triumphs of your conqu'ring Eyes;
From Him, and th' Height of your great Mind look
And with neglect despise a Throne,
And think't as great to Merit, as to wear a Crown:
Nassau in all which your Desires or Thoughts can frame,
All Titles lodge within that single Name;
A Name which *Mars* himself would with Ambition bear,
Prouder in that, than to be call'd the God of War.
To you, great Madam, (if your Joys admit Increase,
If Heaven has not already set your Happiness
Above its Pow'r to raise)
To You the zealous humble Muse
These solemn Wishes Consecrates and Vows,
And begs you'll not her Offering refuse,
Which not your Want, but her Devotion shews.

V.

May your great Consort still successful prove,
In all his high Attempts, as in your Love;
May

May he thro' all Attacks of Chance appear
As free from Danger, as he is from Fear:
May neither Sense of Grief, or Trouble know,
But what in Pity you to others show:
May you be fruitful in as numerous Store
Of Princely Births, as She who your great Father bore:
May Heav'n to your just Merits kind
Repeal the ancient Curse on Womankind:
Easie and gentle, as the Labours of the Brain

May yours all prove, and just so free from Pain:
May no rude Noise of War approach your Bed,
But Peace her downy Wings about you spread,
Calm as the Season, when fair Halcyons breed.
May you, and the just owner of your Breast,
Both in as full Content and Happiness be blest,
As the first sinless Pair of old enjoy'd:
Ere Guilt their Innocence and that destroy'd:
Till nothing but Continuance to your Bliss can add,
And you by Heav'n alone be happier made:

Till

Till future Poets who your Lives review,
When they'd their utmoſt Pitch of Flattery ſhew
Shall pray their Patrons may become like you:
Nor know to frame a skilful Wiſh more great,
Nor think a higher Bleſſing in the Gift of Fate.

AN

AN ODE

For an Anniversary of MUSICK on S. Cecilia's Day.

I.

BEgin the Song, your Instruments advance,
Tune the Voice, and Tune the Flute,
Touch the silent sleeping Lute,
And make the Strings to their own Measures dance.
Bring gentlest Thoughts that into Language glide,
Bring softest Words that into Numbers slide:
Let every Hand and every Tongue
To make the Noble Consort throng.
Let all in one Harmonious Note agree
To frame the mighty Song,
For this is Musicks sacred Jubile.

II.

II.

Hark how the wak'ned Strings resound,
And break the yielding Air,
The ravish'd Sense how pleasingly they wound,
And call the list'ning Soul into the Ear;
Each Pulse beats time, and every Heart,
With Tongue and Fingers bears a part.
By Harmonies entrancing Power,
When we are thus wound up to Extasie;
Methinks we mount, methinks we tower,
And seem to antedate our future Bliss on high.

III.

How dull were Life, how hardly worth our care,
But for the Charms that Musick lends!
How faint its Pleasures would appear,
But for the Pleasure which our Art attends!
Without the Sweets of Melody,
To tune our vital Breath,
Who would not give it up to Death,
And in the silent Grave contented lye?

IV.

IV.

Muſick's the Cordial of a troubled Breaſt,
The ſofteſt Remedy that Grief can find;
The greateſt Spell that charms our Care to reſt,
And calms the ruffled Paſſions of the Mind.
Muſick does all our Joy refine,
It gives the reliſh to our Wine,
'Tis that gives Rapture to our Love,
And Wings Devotion to a pitch Divine;
Tis our chief Bliſs on Earth, and half our Heaven above.

Chorus.

Come then with tuneful Throat and String
The Praiſes of our Art let's ſing;
Let's ſing to Bleſt *CECILIA*'s Fame,
That grac'd this Art, and gave this Day it's Name;
With Muſick, Wine, and Mirth conſpire
To bear a Conſort, and make up the Choir.

TO MADAM *L. E.*

Upon her Recovery from a late Sickneſs.

Madam,

PArdon, that with ſlow Gladneſs we ſo late
Your wiſh'd return of Health congratulate:
Our Joys at firſt ſo throng'd to get abroad,
They hinder'd one another in the crowd;
And now ſuch haſt to tell their Meſſage make,
They only ſtammer what they meant to ſpeak.
You the fair Subject which I am to ſing,
To whoſe kind Hands this humble joy I bring:
Aid me, I beg, while I this Theme purſue,
For I invoke no other Muſe but you.

Long

Long time had you here brightly ſhone below
With all the Rays kind Heaven could beſtow.
No envious Cloud e're offer'd to invade
Your Luſtre, or compel it to a Shade:
Nor did it yet by any Sign appear,
But that you thoroughout Immortal were.
Till Heaven (if Heaven could prove ſo cruel) ſent
To interrupt the Growth of your content,
As if it grudg'd thoſe Gifts you did enjoy,
And would that Bounty which it gave, deſtroy:
'Twas ſince your Excellence did envy move
In thoſe high Powers and made them jealous prove.
They thought theſe Glories ſhould they ſtill have (ſhin'd
Unſullied, were too much for Woman kind.
Which might they write as laſting as they're Fair,
Too great for ought but Deities appear:
But Heaven (it may be) was not yet compleat,
And lackt you there to fill your empty Seat.

And

And when it could not fairly woo you hence,
Turn'd Raviſher, and offer'd Violence.
Sickneſs did firſt a formed ſiege begin,
And by ſure ſlowneſs try'd your Life to win:
As if by lingring methods Heaven meant
To chaſe you hence and tire you to conſent.
But, thus in vain, Fate did to force reſort,
And next by Storm ſtrove to attack the Fort.
A Sleep, dull as your laſt, did you Arreſt,
And all their *Magazines* of Life poſſeſt.
No more the Blood its circling courſe did run,
But in the Veins, like Iſicles, it hung.
No more the Heart (now void of quick'ning (heat)
The tuneful March of vital Motion beat.
Stiffneſs did into all the Sinews climb,
And a ſhort Death crept cold through every Limb.
All Signs of Life from ſight ſo far withdrew,
'Twas now thought Popery to pray for you.

There might you (were not that senseless) have seen
How your true Death would have resented been:
A Lethargy like yours, each Breast did seize,
And all by Sympathy catcht your Disease.
Around your silent Imagery appears,
And nought in the Spectators moves, but Tears.
They pay what Grief were to your Funeral due,
And yet dare hope Heaven would your Life renew.
Mean while, all means, all Drugs prescribed are,
Which the decays of Health, or Strength repair,
Medicines so powerful they new Souls would save,
And Life in long dead Carcasses retrieve:
But these in vain, they rougher Methods try,
And now you're Martyr'd that you may not die;
Sad Scene of Fate! when Tortures were your gain!
And 'twas a kindness thought to wish you pain!
As if the slack'ned string of Life run down,
Could only by the Rack be screw'd in tune.

But Heaven at last grown conscious what its Pow'r
Could scarce what was to die with you restore,)
And loth to see such Glories overcome,
Sent a Post-Angel to repeal your doom;
Strait Fate obey'd the Charge which Heaven sent,
And gave this first dear Proof, it could Repent:
Triumphant Charms! what may not you subdue,
When Fate's your Slave, and thus submits to you!
It now again the new-broke Thread does knit,
And for another Clew her Spindle fit:
And life's hid Spark which did unquencht remain,
Caught the fled Light and brought it back again:
Thus you reviv'd, and all our Joy with you
Reviv'd, and found their Resurrection too;
Some only griev'd, that what was deathless thought
They saw so near to Fatal ruin brought:
Now crowds of Blessings on that happy hand,
Whose skill could eager Destiny withstand;
Whose learned Pow'r has rescu'd from the Grave,
That Life which 'twas a Miracle to save;

That

That Life which were it thus untimely lost,
Had been the fairest Spoil Death e'er could boast:
May he henceforth be God of Healing thought,
By whom such good to you and us was brought:
Altars and Shrines to him are justly due,
Who shew'd himself a God by raising you.

But say, fair Saint, for you alone can know,
Whither your Soul in this short flight did go:
Went it so swiftly that Happiness
You must at last (tho late we hope) possess?
Inform us, lest we should your Fate belye,
And call that Death which was but Extasie.
The Queen of Love (we're told) once let us see;
That Goddesses from Wounds could not be free;
And you by this unwish'd Occasion show,
That they like Mortal us can Sickness know:
Pity! that Heav'n should all its Titles give,
And yet not let you with them ever live.
You'd lack no point that makes a Deity,
If you could like it too Immortal be.

And so you are; half boasts a Deathless State,
Although your frailer Part must yield to Fate.
By every breach in that fair lodging made,
Its blest Inhabitant is more displaid:
In that white Snow which over-spreads your Skin,
We trace the Whiter Soul which dwells within;
Which while you through this shining Hue display
Look like a Star plac'd in the milky way:
Such the bright Bodies of the Blessed are,
When they for Rayment cloath'd with Light appear.
And should you visit now the Seat of Bliss,
You need not wear another form but this.
Never did Sickness in such Pomp appear,
As when it thus your Livery did wear,
Disease it self look'd amiable here.
So Clouds which would obscure the Sun ott gilded (be,
And Shades are taught to shine as bright as he.
Grieve not, fair Nymph, when in your Glass you (trace
The marring Footsteps of a pale Disease.

Regret

Regret not that your Cheeks their Roses want,
Which a few Days shall in full store replant,
Which, whilst your Blood withdraws its guilty (Red,
Tells that you owe no Faults that Blushes need:
The Sun whose Bounty does each Spring restore
What Winter from the rifled Meadows tore,
Which every Morning with an early Ray
Paints the young blushing Cheeks of infant Day,
Whose skill (inimitable here below)
Limns those gay Clouds which form Heav'ns co-
lour'd Bow,
That Sun shall soon with Interest repay,
All the lost Beauty Sickness snatch'd away,
Your Beams like his shall hourly now advance,
And every Minute their swift Growth enhance.
Mean while (that you no helps of Health refuse)
Accept these humble Wishes of the Muse:

Which shall not of their just Petition fail,
If she (and she's a Goddess) ought prevail.

May no profane Disease Henceforth approach,
This sacred Temple with unhallow'd touch,
Or with rude Sacrilege its frame debauch.
May these fair Members always happy be
In as full Strength and well-set Harmony,
As the new Foundress of your Sex could boast,
Ere she by Sin her first Perfection lost.
May Destiny, just to your Merits, twine
All your smooth Fortunes in a Silken Line,
And that you may at Heaven late arrive,
May it to you its largest Bottom give.
May Heaven with still repeated Favours bless,
Till it its Pow'r below its Will confess;
Till Wishes can no more exalt your Fate,
Nor Poets fansie you more fortunate.

On

ON THE DEATH OF Mrs *Katharine Kingscourt*,

A Child of Excellent Parts and Piety.

SHE did, She did — I saw her mount the Skie,
And with new Whiteness paint the Galaxy.
Heav'n her methought with all its Eyes did view,
And yet acknowledg'd all its Eyes too few.
Methought I saw in Crowds blest Spirits meet,
And with loud Welcomes her Arrival greet;
Which could they grieve, had gone with grief away
To see a Soul more white, more pure than they,

Earth was unworthy such a Prize as this,
Only a while Heav'n let us share the Bliss:
In vain her stay with fruitless Tears we'd woo,
In vain we'd Court, when that our Rival grew.
Thanks, ye kind Powers! who did so long dispense,
(Since you so wisht her) with her absence hence:
We now resign, to you alone we grant
The sweet Monopoly of such a Saint:
So pure a Saint, I scarce dare call her so,
For fear to wrong her with a Name too low:
Such a Seraphick Brightness in her shin'd,
I hardly can believe her Woman-kind.
'Twas sure some noble Being left the Sphere,
Which deign'd a little to inhabit here,
And can't be said to die, but disappear.
Or if she Mortal was and meant to show
The greater skill by being made below:
Sure Heav'n preserv'd her by the Fall uncurst,
To tell how all the Sex were form'd at first:

Never

Never did yet so much Divinity
In such a small Compendium crouded lie.
By her we credit what the Learned tell,
That many Angels in one Point can dwell.
More damned Fiends did not in *Mary* rest,
Than lodg'd of Blessed Spirits in her Breast;
Religion dawn'd so early in her mind,
You'd think her Saint, whilst in the Womb enshrin'd,
Nay, that bright ray which did her Temples paint,
Proclaim'd her clearly, while alive, a Saint.
Scarce had she learnt to lisp Religion's Name,
E'er she by her Example preach'd the same,
And taught her *Cradle* like the *Pulpit* to reclaim.
No Action did within her Practice fall
Which for th'Atonement of a Blush could call:
No word of hers e'er greeted any Ear,
But what a dying Saint confest might hear.
Her Thoughts had scarcely ever fully'd been
By the least Foot-steps of Original Sin.

Her

Her Life did ſtill as much Devotion breath
As others do at their laſt gaſp in Death.
Hence on her Tomb of her let none be laid,
So long ſhe liv'd, but thus, ſo long ſhe pray'd.

A

SUNDAY THOUGHT

In Sickness.

LOrd, how dreadful is the Prospect of Death at the remotest Distance! How the smallest Apprehension of it can pall the most gay, airy and brisk Spirits! Even I, who thought I could have been merry in sight of my Coffin, and drink a Health with the Sexton in my own Grave, now tremble at the least Envoy of the King of Terrors. To see but the shaking of my Glass makes me turn pale, and fear is like to prevent and do the Work of my Distemper. All the Jollity of my Humor and Conversation is turn'd on a sudden into shagrin and melancholy, black as Despair, and dark as the Grave. My Soul and Body seem at once laid out, and I fancy all the Plummets of Eternal Night already hanging upon my Temples. But whence proceed these Fears? Certainly they are not idle

Dreams,

Dreams, nor the accidental Product of my Diſeaſe, which diſorders the Brains, and fills 'em with odd Chimera's. Why ſhould my Soul be averſe to its Enlargement? Why ſhould it be content to be knit up in two Yards of Skin, when it may have all the World for its Purliew? 'Tis not that I'm unwilling to leave my Relations and preſent Friends: I'm parted from the firſt already, and could be ſever'd from both the length of the whole Map, and live with my Body as far diſtant from them as my Soul muſt when I'm dead. Neither is it that I'm loth to leave the Delights and Pleaſures of the World, ſome of them I have tried, and found empty, the others covet not, becauſe unknown. I'm confident I could deſpiſe 'em all by a Greatneſs of Soul, did not the Bible oblige me, and Divines tell me, 'tis my Duty. It is not neither that I'm unwilling to go hence before I've Eſtabliſh'd a Reputation, and ſomething to make me ſurvive my ſelf, I could have been content to be ſtill-born, and have no more than the Regiſter, or Sexton to tell that I've never been in the Land

of

of the Living. In Fine, 'tis not from a Principle of Cowardise, which the Schools have called Self-preservation, the poor Effect of Instinct and dull pretence of a Brute as well as me. This Unwillingness therefore, and Aversion to undergo the general Fate, must have a juster Original, and flow from a more important Cause. I'm well satisfied that this other Being within, that moves and actuates my Frame of Flesh and Blood, has a Life beyond it and the Grave; and something in it prompts me to believe its Immortality. A Residence it must have somewhere else, when it has left this Carcase, and another State to pass into, unchangeable and everlasting as it self after its Separation. This Condition must be good or bad according to its Actions and Deserts in this Life; for as it owes its Being to some Infinite Power that created it, I well suppose it his Vassal, and oblig'd to live by his Law; and as certainly conclude, that according to the keeping or breaking of that Law, 'tis to be rewarded or punish'd hereafter. This Diversity of Rewards and Punishments

makes

makes the two Places, Heaven and Hell, so often mention'd in Scripture, and so little in Pulpits: Of the later my Fears too dutifully convince me, and the Anticipation of its Torments, which I already feel in my own Conscience. There is, there is a Hell, and damned Fiends, and a never-dying Worm, and that Sceptick that doubts on it, may find 'em all within my single Breast. I dare not any longer with the Atheist disbelieve them, or think 'em the Clergy's Bugbears, invented as Nurses do frightful Names for their Children, to feare 'em into Quietness and Obedience. How oft have I triumph'd in my unconcern'd and fear'd insensibility? How oft boasted of that unhappy suspected Calm, which, like that of the dead Sea, proy'd only my Curse, and a treacherous Ambush to those Storms, which at present (and will for ever I dread) shipwreck my Quiet and Hopes? How oft have I rejected the Advice of that Bosom-Friend, and drowned its Alarms in the Noise of a tumultuous Debauch, or by stupifying Wine (like some condemn'd Malefactor)

not yet arm'd my self against the Apprehensions of my certain Doom? Now, now the Tyrant awakes, and comes to pay at once all Arrears of Cruelty. At last, but too late (like drowning Mariners) I see the gay Monsters, which inveigled me into my Death and Destruction. Oh the gnawing Remorse of a rash unguarded, unconsidering Sinner! Oh how the Ghosts of former Crimes affright my haunted Imagination, and make me suffer a thousand Racks and Martyrdoms! I see, methinks, the Jaws of Destruction gaping wide to swallow me; and I (like one sliding on Ice) tho' I see the Danger, cannot stop from running into it. My Fancy represents to me a whole Legion of Devils, ready to tear me in pieces, numberless as my Sins or Fears; and whither, Alas! whither shall I fly for Refuge? Where shall I retreat and take Sanctuary? Shall I call the Rocks and Mountains to cover me; or bid the Earth yawn wide to its Centre, and take me in? Poor thift of escaping Almighty Justice! Distracting Frenzy! that would make me believe Contradictions, and hope to fly out of the

reach

reach of him whose Presence is every where, not excluded Hell it self; for he is there in the effects of his Vengeance. Shall I invoke some Power infinite, as that that created me, to reduce me to nothing again, and rid me at once of my Being and all that tortures it? Oh no, 'tis in vain, I must be forced into Being, to keep me fresh for Torment, and retain Sense only to feel Pain. I must be adying to all Eternity, and live ever, to live ever wretched. Oh that nature had placed me in the Rank of things that have only a bare Existence, or at best, an Animal Life, and never given me a Soul and Reason, which now must contribute to my Misery, and make me envy Brutes and Vegetables! Would the Womb that bare me had been my Prison till now, or I slept out of 't it into my Grave, and saved the Expences and Toil of a long and tedious Journey, where Life affords nothing of Accommodations to invite ones stay. Happy had I been if I had expired with my first Breath, and enter'd the Bill of Mortality as soon as the World; Happy, if I had been drowned in my Font, and that Water which was to Regene-

rate

fate; and give me New Life, had prov'd Mortal in another Sense! I had then died without any Guilt of my own, but what I brought into the World with me, and that too accepted for; I mean that which I contracted from my first Parents, my unhappiness rather than Fault, inasmuch as I was fain to be born of a Sinning Race. Then I had never enhans'd it with acquired Guilt, never added those innumerable Crimes which must make up my Indictment at the Grand Audit. Ungrateful Wretch! I've made my Sins as numerous as those Blessings and Mercies the Almighty Bounty has conferr'd upon me, to oblige and lead me to Repentance. How have I abused and misemployed those Parts and Talents which might have render'd me serviceable to Mankind, and repaid an Interest of Glory to their Donor? How ill do they turn to account which I have made the Patrons of Debauchery, and Pimps and Panders to Vice? How oft have I broke my Vows to my Great Creator, which I would be conscientious of keeping to a silly Woman,

a Creature beneath my self? What has all my Religion been but an empty Parade and Show? Either an useful Hypocrisie taken up for Interest, or a gay specious Formality worn in Complaisance to Custom and the Mode, and as changeable as my Cloaths and their Fashion. How oft have I gone to Church (the place where we are to pay him Homage and Duty) as to an Assignation or Play, only for Diversion; or at best, as I must ere long (for ought I know) with my Soul sever'd from my Body? How I tremble at the Remembrance! as if I could put the Sham upon Heaven, or a God were to be imposed on like my Fellow-Creature: And dare I, convicted of these High Treasons against the King of Glory, dare I expect a Reprieve or Pardon? Has he Thunder, and are not all his Bolts level'd at my Head, to strike me through the very Centre? Yes, I dare appeal to thee, boundless Pity and Compassion! My own Instances already tell me, that thy Mercy is infinite; for I've done enough to shock Long-sufferance

it

self, and weary out an Eternal Patience. I beseech thee by thy soft and gentle Attributes of Mercy and Forgiveness, by the last dying Accents of my suffering Deity, have Pity on a poor, humble, prostrate and confessing Sinner: And thou great Ransom of lost Mankind, who offerd'st thy self a Sacrifice to attone our Guilt, and redeem our mortgag'd Happiness, do thou be my Advocate, and intercede for me with the Angry Judge.

My Prayers are heard, a glorious Light now shone,
And (Lord) an Angel Post comes hast'ning down
From Heav'n, I see him cut the yielding Air;
So swift, he seems at once both there and here;
So quick, my Sight in the pursuit was slow,
And Thought could scarce so soon the Journey go:
No angry Message in his Look appears,
His Face no signs of threatning Vengeance wears.
Comely his Shape, of Heavenly Meen and Air,
Kinder than Smiles of beauteous Virgins are.

Such he was seen by the blest Maid of old
When he th' Almighty Infant's Birth foretold.
A mighty Volume in one hand is born,
Whose open'd Leaves the other seems to turn:
Vast Annals of my Sins in Scarlet writ,
But now eras'd, blot out, and cancell'd quite.
Hark how the Heavenly Whisper strikes mine Ear,
Mortal, behold thy Crimes all pardon'd here!
Hail Sacred Envoy of th' Eternal King!
Welcom as the Blest'd Tidings thou dost bring.
Welcom as Heav'n from whence thou cam'st but now,
Thus low to thy great God and mine I bow,
And might I here, O might I ever grow,
Fix'd an unmov'd and endless Monument
Of Gratitude to my Creator sent.

To the Memory of my Dear Friend, M. CHARLES MORWENT:

A PINDARIQUE.

Ignis utique quo clarius effulsit, citius extinguitur, eripit se aufertque ex oculis subitò perfecta virtus: quicquid est absoluti facilius transfluit, & optimi nequiquam diurnant. Cambden. de Phil. Syd.

I.

BEst Friend! could my unbounded Grief but (rate
With due proportion thy too cruel Fate;
Could I some happy Miracle bring forth,
Great as my Wishes and thy greater Worth,
All *Helicon* should soon be thine,
And pay a Tribute to thy Shrine.
The learned Sisters all transform'd should be,
No longer nine, but one *Melpomene*:
Each should into a *Niobe* relent,
At once the Mourner and thy Monument,
Each should become

Like the fam'd *Memnon's* ſpeaking Tomb,
To ſing thy well tun'd Praiſe;
Nor ſhould we fear their being dumb,
Thou ſtill would'ſt make 'em vocal with thy Rays.

II.

O that I could diſtil my vital Juice in Tears!
Or waſh away my Soul in ſobbing Airs!
Were I all Eyes,
To flow in liquid Elegies:
That every Limb might grieve,
And dying Sorrow ſtill retrieve;
My life ſhould be but one long mourning day,
And like moiſt Vapors melt in Tears away.
I'd ſoon diſſolve in one great Sigh,
And upwards fly,
Glad ſo to be exhal'd to Heav'n and thee.
A Sigh which might well nigh reverſe thy death,
And hope to animate thee with new Breath:
Pow'rful as that which heretofore did give
A Soul to well-form'd Clay, and made it live.

III.

LVI.

Adieu, bleſt Soul! whoſe haſty Flight away
Tells Heaven did ne'er diſplay
Such Happineſs to bleſs the World with ſtay.
Death in thy Fall betray'd her utmoſt Spite,
And ſhew'd her Shafts moſt times are level'd at the white.
She ſaw thy blooming Ripeneſs time prevent;
She ſaw, and envious grew, and ſtraight her Arrow ſent.
So Buds appearing e'er the Froſts are paſt,
Nip'd by ſome unkind Blaſt,
Wither in Penance for their forward Haſte.
Thus have I ſeen a Morn ſo bright,
So deck'd with all the Robes of Light,
As if it ſcorn'd to think of Night,
Which a rude Storm e'er Noon did ſhroud,
And buried all its early Glories in a Cloud.
The day in funeral Blackneſs mourn'd,
And all to Sighs, and all to Tears it turn'd.

IV.

But why do we thy Death untimely deem;
Or Fate blaspheme?
We should thy full ripe Virtues wrong,
To think thee young.
Fate, when she did thy vigorous Growth behold,
And all thy forward Glories told,
Forgot thy tale of Years, and thought thee old.
The brisk Endowments of thy Mind
Scorning i'th' Bud to be confin'd,
Out-ran thy Age, and left slow Time behind;
Which made thee reach Maturity so soon,
And at first Dawn present a full spread Noon.
So thy Perfections with thy Soul agree,
Both knew no Non-age, knew no Infancy.
Thus the first Patern of our Race began
His Life in middle age, at's Birth a perfect Man.

V.

So well thou acted'st in thy Span of Days,
As calls at once for Wonder, and for Praise.

Thy

Thy prudent Conduct had so learnt to measure
The different whiles of Toil and Leasure,
No time did Action want, no Action wanted Pleasure.
Thy busie Industry could Time dilate,
And stretch the Thread of Fate:
Thy careful Thrift could only boast the Power
To lengthen Minutes, and extend an Hour.
No single Sand could e'er slip by
VVithout its Wonder, sweet as high;
And every teeming Moment still brought forth
A thousand Rarities of VVorth.
VVhile some no other Cause for Life can give,
But a dull Habitude to live:
Thou scorn'dst such Lazineſs while here beneath,
And Liv'dst that time which others only Breath.

VI.

Next our just Wonder does commence,
How so small Room could hold such Excellence.
Nature was proud when she contriv'd thy Frame,
In thee she labor'd for a Name:

Hence

Hence 'twas she lavish'd all her Store,
As if she meant hereafter to be poor,
And, like a Bankrupt, run o'th' Score.
Her curious Hand here drew in Straights and joyn'd
All the Perfections lodge in Humane kind;
Teaching her numerous Gifts to lie
Crampt in a short Epitome.
So Stars contracted in a Diamond shine,
And Jewels in a narrow Point confine
The Riches of an *Indian* Mine.
Thus subtile Artists can
Draw Nature's larger self within a Span;
A small Frame holds the World, Earth, Heav'ns and all
Shrunk to the scant Dimensions of a Ball.

VII.

Those Parts which never in one Subject dwell,
But some uncommon Excellence foretel,
Like Stars did all constellate here,
And met together in one Sphere.
Thy Judgment, Wit and Memory conspir'd
To make themselves and thee admir'd: And

And could thy growing Height a longer Stay have known,
Thou hadst all other Glories, and thy self out-done.
While some to Knowledg by degrees arrive,
Through tedious Indostry improv'd,
Thine scorn'd by such pedantick Rules to thrive;
But swift as that of Angels mov'd,
And made us think it was intuitive.
Thy pregnant Mind ne'er struggl'd in its Birth,
But quick, and while it did conceive, brought forth;
The gentle Throes of thy prolifick Brain
Were all unstrain'd, and without Pain.
Thus when great *Jove* the Queen of Wisdom bare
So easie and so mild his Travels were.

VIII.

Nor were these Fruits in a rough Soil bestown
As Gems are thick'st in rugged Quarries sown.
Good Nature and good Parts so shar'd thy mind,
A Muse and Grace were so combin'd,
Twas hard to guess which with most Lustre shin'd.

A Genius did thy whole Comportment act,
Whose charming Complaisance did so attract,
As every Heart attack'd.
Such a soft Air thy well-tun'd Sweetness sway'd,
As told thy Soul of Harmony was made;
All rude Affections that Disturbers be,
That mar or disunite Society,
Were Forciners to thee.
Love only in their stead took up its Rest;
Nature made that thy constant Guest,
And seem'd to form no other Passion for thy Breast.

IX.

This made thy Courtesie to all extend,
And thee to the whole Universe a Friend.
Those which were Strangers to thy native Soil and (thee
No Strangers to thy Love could be,
Whose Bounds were wide as all Mortality.
Thy Heart no Island was, disjoyn'd
(Like thy own Nation) from all human kind;
But 'twas a Continent to other Countries fixt
As firm by Love, as they by Earth annext.

Thou

Thou scorn'dst the Map should thy Affection guide,
Like theirs who love by dull Geography,
Friends but to whom by Soil they are ally'd:
Thine reach'd to all beside,
To every Member of the World's great Family.
Heav'ns Kindness only claims a Name more general
Which we the nobler call,
Because 'tis common, and vouchsaf'd to all.

X.

Such thy Ambition of obliging was,
Thou seem'dst corrupted with the very Power to please.
Only to let thee gratifie,
At once did bribe and pay thy Courtesie.
Thy Kindness by Acceptance might be bought,
It for no other Wages sought,
But would its own be thought.
No Suiters went unsatisfy'd away;
But left thee more unsatisfy'd than they.
Brave *Titus*! thou might'st here thy true Portraiture find
And view thy Rival in a private mind.

Thou

Thou heretofore deserv'dst such Praise,
When Acts of Goodness did compute thy days,
Measur'd not by the *Sun's*, but thine own kinder Rays.
Thou thought'st each Hour out of Life's Journal lost
Which could not some fresh Favor boast,
And reckon'dst Bounties thy best *Clepsydrat*.

XI.

Some Fools who the great Art of giving want,
Deflower their Largess with too slow a Grant:
Where the deluded Suitor dearly buys
What hardly can defray
The Expence of Importunities,
Or the Suspense of correcting Delay.
Here was no need of tedious Prayers to sue,
Or thy too backward Kindness woo.
It moved with no formal State,
Like theirs whose Pomp does for Intreaty wait:
But met the swift'st Desires half way,
And Wishes did well nigh Anticipate;

And

And then as modeſtly withdrew,
Not for its due Reward of Thanks would ſtay.

XII.

Yet might this Goodneſs to the happy moſt accrue;
Some what was to the miſerable due,
Which they might juſtly challenge too.
What-e'er Miſhap did a known Heart oppreſs,
The ſame did thine as wretched make;
Like yielding Wax, thine did th'Impreſſions take,
And paint its Sadneſs in as lively Dreſs.
Thou could'ſt Afflictions from anothers Breaſt tranſlate,
And forein Grief impropriate;
Oft-times our Sorrows thine ſo much have grown,
They ſcarce were more our own;
Who ſeem'd exempt, thou ſuffer'dſt all alone.

XIII.

Our ſmall'ſt Misfortunes ſcarce could reach thy Ear,
But made thee give in Alms a Tear;
And when our Hearts breath'd their regret in Sighs,
As a juſt Tribute to their Miſeries,
Thine with their mournful Airs did ſymbolize
Like

Like Throngs of Sighs did for its Fibres crowd,
And told thy Grief from our each Grief aloud:
Such is the secret Sympathy
We may betwixt two neighb'ring Lutes descry,
If either by unskilful hand too rudely bent
Its soft Complaint in pensive murmurs vent,
As if it did that Injury resent:
Untoucht the other strait returns the Moan,
And gives an Eccho to each Groan.
From its sweet Bowels a sad Note's convey'd,
Like those which to condole are made,
As if its Bowels too a kind compassion had.

XIV.

Nor was thy goodness bounded with so small extent,
Or in such narrow Limits pent.
Let Female Frailty in fond Tears distill,
Who think that Moisture which they spill
Can yield Relief,
Or shrink the Current of anothers Grief.
Who hope that Breath which they in sighs convey,
Should blow Calamities away. Thine

Thine did a manlier Form expreſs,
And ſcorn'd to whine at an Unhappineſs;
Thou thought'ſt it ſtill the nobleſt Pity to redreſs.
So friendly Angels their Relief beſtow
On the unfortunate below,
For whom thoſe purer minds no Paſſion know:
Such nature in that generous Plant is found,
Whoſe every Breach does with a Salve abound,
And wounds it ſelf to cure another's Wound.
In pity to Mankind it ſheds its Juice,
Glad with expence of Blood to ſerve their Uſe:
Firſt with kind Tears our Maladies bewails,
And after heals:
And makes thoſe very Tears the remedy produce.

XV.

Nor didſt thou to thy Foes leſs generous appear,
(If there were any durſt that Title wear.)
They could not offer Wrongs ſo faſt,
But what were pardon'd with like haſte;
And by thy acts of Amneſty defac't

Had he who wish'd the Art how to forget
Discover'd its new Worth in thee,
He had a double Value on it set,
And justly scorn'd th' ignobler Art of Memory.
No Wrongs could thy great Soul to Grief expose,
'Twas plac'd as much out of the reach of those,
As of material Blows.
No Injuries could thee provoke,
Thy Softness always dampt the stroke:
As Flints on Feather-beds are easiest broke.
Affronts could ne'er thy cool Complexion heat,
Or chafe thy temper from its setled State:
But still thou stoodst unshockt by all,
As if thou hadst unlearnt the Power to hate,
Or, like the Dove, wert born without a Gall.

XVI.

Vain *Stoicks* who disclaim all Human Sense,
And own no Passions to resent Offence,
May pass it by with unconcern'd Neglect,
And Virtue on those Principles erect,
Where 'tis not a Perfection, but Defect.

Let

Let these themselves in a dull Patience please,
Which their own Statues may possess,
And they themselves when Carcasses.
Thou only couldst to that high pitch arrive,
To court Abuses, that thou mightst forgive:
Wrongs thus in high Esteem seem'd Courtesie,
And thou the first was e'er oblig'd by Injury.

XVII.

Nor may we think these God-like Qualities
Could stand in need of Votaries,
which heretofore had challeng'd Sacrifice.
Each Assignation, each Converse
Gain'd thee some new Idolaters.
Thy sweet Obligingness could supple Hate,
And out of it its contrary create.
Its powerful Influence made Quarrels cease,
And Fewds dissolv'd into a calmer Peace.
Envy resign'd her Force, and vanquish'd Spite
Became thy speedy Proselyte.

Malice could cherish Enmity no more;
And those which were by Foes before,
Now wish'd they might adore,
Cæsar may tell of Nations took,
And Troops by force subjected to his Yoke:
We read as great a Conquerer in thee,
Who couldst by milder ways all Hearts subdue,
The nobler Conquest of the two;
Thus thou whole Legions mad'st thy Captives be,
And like him too couldst look, and speak thy Victo-
(ry.

XVIII.

Hence may we Calculate the Tenderness
Thou didst Express
To all, whom thou didst with thy Friendship bless:
To think of Passion by new Mothers bore
To the young Offspring of their Womb,
Or that of Lovers to what they Adore,
Ere Duty it become:
We should to mean *Ideas* frame,
Of that which thine might justly claim
And injure it by a degrading Name: Con-

Conceive the tender Care,
Of guardian Angels to their Charge assign'd,
Or think how dear
To Heaven Expiring Martyrs are,
These are the Emblems of thy mind,
The only *Types* to shew how thou wast kind.

XIX

On whomsoe'er thou didst confer this Tye
'Twas lasting as Eternity,
And firm as the unbroken Chain of Destiny,
Embraces would faint shadows of your Union shew,
Unless you could together grow,
That Union which is from Alliance bred,
Does not so fastly wed,
Tho it with Blood be cemented:
That Link wherewith the Soul and Body's joyn'd,
Which twists the double Nature in Mankind
Only so close can bind.
That holy Fire which *Romans* to their *Vesta* paid,
Which they immortal as the Goddess made,

Thy noble Flames moſt fitly parallel;
For thine were juſt ſo pure, and juſt ſo durable.
Thoſe feigned Pairs of Faithfulneſs which claim
So high a place in antient Fame,
Had they thy better Pattern ſeen,
They'd made their Friendſhip more divine
And ſtrove to mend their Characters by thine.

XX.

Yet had this Friendſhip no advantage been,
Unleſs 'twere exercis'd within;
What did thy Love to other Objects tie,
The ſame made thy own Pow'rs agree,
And reconcil'd thy ſelf to thee.
No Diſcord in thy Soul did reſt,
Save what its Harmony increaſt.
Thy mind did with ſuch regular Calmneſs move,
As held reſemblance with the greater Mind above.
Reaſon there fix'd its peaceful Throne,
And reign'd alone.
The will its eaſie Neck to Bondage gave,
And to the ruling Faculty became a Slave.

The Passions rais'd no Civil Wars,
Nor discompos'd thee with intestine Jars:
All did obey,
And paid Allegiance to its rightful Sway.
All threw their restly Tempers by,
And gentle Figures drew,
Gentle as Nature in its Infancy,
As when themselves in their first Beings grew.

XXI.

Thy Soul within such silent Pomp did keep,
As if Humanity were lull'd asleep.
So gentle was thy Pilgrimage beneath,
Time's unheard Feet scarce make less noise,
Or the soft Journey which a Planet goes.
Life seem'd all calm as its last Breath.
A still Tranquillity so husht thy Breast,
As if some *Halcyon* were its Guest.
And there had built her Nest;
It hardly now enjoys a greater Rest. (*Peace,*
As that smooth Sea which wears the Name of

Still with one even Face appears,
And feels no Tides to change it from its place,
No Waves to alter the fair Form it bears:
As that unspotted Sky,
Where *Nile* does want of Rain supply,
Is free from Clouds, from Storm is ever free.
So thy unvary'd mind was always one,
And with such clear Serenity still shone,
As caus'd thy little World to seem all temp'rate Zone.

XXII.

Let Fools their high Extraction boast,
And Greatness, which no Travel, but their Mothers, cost,
Let 'em extol a swelling Name,
Which theirs by Will and Testament became;
At best but meer Inheritance,
As oft the Spoils as Gift of Chance.
Let some ill-plac'd Repute on Scutcheons rear
As fading as the Colors which those bear;
And prize a painted Field,
Which Wealth as soon as Fame can yield.

Thou

Thou ſcorn'dſt at ſuch low Rates to purchaſe
Worth,
Nor couldſt thou owe it only to thy Birth,
Thy ſelf-born Greatneſs was above the Power
Of Parents to entail, or Fortune to deflowr.
Thy Soul, which like the Sun, Heaven molded
bright,
Diſdain'd to ſhine with borrow'd Light:
Thus from himſelf th' Eternal Being grew,
And from no other Cauſe his Grandeur drew.

XXIII.

Howe'er if true Nobility
Rather in Souls than in the Blood does lie:
If from thy better part we Meaſures take,
And that the Standard of our Value make,
Jewels and Stars become low Heraldry
To blazon thee.
Thy Soul was big enough to pity Kings,
And look'd on Empires as poor humble things.
Great as his boundleſs Mind,

Who

Who thought himself in one wide Globe confin'd,
And for another pin'd.
Great as that Spirit whose large Powers rowl
Thro' the vast Fabrick of this spacious Bowl,
And tell the World as well as Man can boast a Soul.

XXIV.

Yet could not this an Haughtiness beget,
Or thee above the common Level set.
Pride, whose Alloy does best Endowments mar,
(As things most lofty smaller still appear)
With thee did no Alliance bear.
Love Merits oft are by too high Esteem bely'd,
Whose Owners lessen while they raise their Price;
Thine were above the very Guilt of Pride,
Above all others, and thy own *Hyperbole:*
In thee the wid'st Extreams were joyn'd
The loftiest, and the lowliest Mind.
Thus tho some part of Heav'ns vast Round
Appear but low, and seem to touch the Ground,

Yet

Yet 'tis well known almoſt to bound the Spheres,
'Tis truly held to be above the Stars.

XXVI.

While thy brave Mind preſerv'd this noble Frame,
Thou ſtoodſt at once ſecure
From all the Flattery and Obloquy of Fame,
Its rough and gentler Breath were both to thee the ſame;
Nor this could thee exalt, nor that depreſs thee lower;
But thou from thy great Soul on both look'dſt down
Without the ſmall concernment of a Smile or Frown
Heav'n ſees dreads that it ſhould fir'd be
By the weak flitting Sparks that upwards fly,
Leſs the bright Goddeſs of the Night
Fears thoſe loud howlings that revile her Light
Than thou Malignant Tongues thy Worth ſhould blaſt,
Which was too great for Envy's Cloud to overcaſt.
'Twas thy brave Method to deſpiſe Contempt,
And make what was the Fault the Puniſhment,
What

What more Aſſaults could weak Detraction raiſe
When thou couldſt Saint diſgrace,
And turn Reproach to Praiſe.
So Clouds which would obſcure the Sun, oft gilded (be,
And Shades are taught to ſhine as bright as he.
So Diamonds, when envious Night
Would ſhroud their Splendor, look moſt bright,
And from its Darkneſs ſeem to borrow Light.

XXVI.

Had Heav'n compos'd thy mortal Frame,
Free from Contagion as thy Soul or Fame:
Could Virtue been but proof againſt Death's Arms,
Th'adſt ſtood unvanquiſht by theſe Harms,
Safe in a Circle made by thy own Charms.
Fond Pleaſure, whoſe ſoft Magick oft beguiles
Raw unexperienc'd Souls,
And with ſmooth Flattery cajoles,
Could ne'er enſnare thee with her Wiles,
Or make thee Captive to her ſmoothing Smiles.

In

In vain that Pimp of Vice assay'd to please,
In hope to draw thee to its rude Embrace.
Thy Prudence still that *Syren* past
Without being pinion'd to the Mast:
All its Attempts were ineffectual found;
Heav'n fenc'd thy heart with its own Mound,
And forc'd the Tempter still from that forbidden Ground.

XXVII.

The mad *Capricio's* of the doting Age
Could ne'er in the same Frenzy thee engage;
But mov'd thee rather with a generous Rage.
Gallants, who their high Breeding prize,
Known only by their Gallanture and Vice,
Whose Talent is to court a fashionable Sin,
And act some fine Transgression with a janty Meen,
May by such Methods hope the Vogue to win,
Let those gay Fops who deem
Their Infamies Accomplishment,
Grow scandalous to get Esteem;
And by Disgrace strive to be eminent.

Here

Here thou disdainst the common Road,
Nor wouldst by ought be woo'd
To wear the vain Iniquities o'th' Mode.
Vice with thy Practice did so disagree,
Thou scarce couldst bear it in thy Theory.
Thou didst such Ignorance 'bove Knowledg prize,
And here to be unskill'd, is to be wise.
Such the first Founders of our Blood,
While yet untempted, stood
Contented only to know Good.

XXVIII.

Virtue alone did guide thy Actions here,
Thou by no other Card thy Life didst steer.
No sly Decoy would serve,
To make thee from its rigid Dictates swerve,
Thy Love ne'er thought her worse
Because thou hadst so few Competitors.
Thou couldst adore her when ador'd by none
Content to be her Votary alone:

When

When 'twas proscrib'd the unkind World
And to blind Cells, and Grotto's hurl'd,
When thought the Fantom of some crazy Brain,
Fit for grave *Anchorets* to entertain,
A thin *Chimera*, whom dull Gown-Men framd
To gull deluded Mortals with an empty Name.

XXIX.

Thou own'dst no Crimes that shun'd the Light,
Whose Horror might thy Blood affright,
And force it to its known Retreat.
While the pale Cheeks do Penance in their White,
And tell that Blushes are too weak to expiate:
Thy Faults might all be on thy Forehead wore,
And the whole World thy Confessor.
Conscience within still kept Assize,
To punish and deter Impieties:
That inbred Judge such strict Inspection bore,
So travers'd all thy Actions ore;
Th' Eternal Judge could scarce do more:

Those

Thoſe little Eſcapades of Vice,
Which paſs the Cogniſance of moſt
I'th' Crowd of following Sins forgot and loſt,
Could ne'er its Sentence or Arraignment miſs:
Thou didſt prevent the young deſires of ill,
And them in their firſt Motions kill:
The very Thoughts in others unconfin'd
And lawleſs as the Wind,
Thou couldſt to Rule and Order bind.
They durſt not any Stamp but that of Virtue bear,
And free from ſtain as thy moſt publick Actions were.
Let wild Debauchees hug their darling Vice,
And court no other Paradiſe,
Till want of Power
Bids 'em diſcard the ſtale Amour,
And when diſabled Strength ſhall force
A ſhort Divorce,
Miſcall that weak forbearance Abſtinence,
Which wiſe Morality and better Sence

Stiles

Stiles but at best a sneaking Impotence.
Thine far a Nobler Pitch did fly
'Twas all free choice, nought of Necessity.
Thou didst that puny Soul disdain
Whose half strain Virtue only can restrain;
Nor wouldst that empty Being own,
Which springs from Negatives alone.
But truly thought'st it always Virtues Skeleton.

XXX.

Nor didst thou those mean Spirits more approve,
Who Virtue, only for its Dowry love,
Unbrib'd thou didst her sterling self espouse:
Nor wouldst a better Mistris chuse.
Thou couldst Affection to her bare *Idea* pay,
The first that e'er caress'd her the Platonick way.
To see her in her own Attractions drest,
Did all thy Love arrest,
Nor lack'd there new Efforts to storm thy Brest.
Thy generous Loyalty
Would ne'er a *Mercenary* be;

But chose to serve her still without a Livery.
Yet wast thou not of Recompence debarr'd,
But countedst Honesty its own Reward;
Thou didst not wish a greater Bliss t'accrue,
For to be good to thee was to be happy too.
That secret Triumph of thy Mind,
Which always thou in doing well didst find,
Were Heaven enough, were there no other Heaven design'd.

XXXI.

What Virtues few possess but by Retail
In gross could thee their Owner call;
They all did in thy single Circle fall.
Thou wast a living *System* where were wrote
All those high Morals which in Books are sought
Thy Practice did more Virtues share
Than heretofore the learned Porch e'er knew,
Or in the *Stagyrites* scant *Ethics* grew:
Devout thou wast as holy *Hermits* are,
Which share their time 'twixt Ecstasie and Prayer.

Modest

Modeſt as Infant Roſes in their bloom,
Which in a Bluſh their Lives conſume,
So chaſt, the Dead are only more,
Who lie divorc'd from Objects, and from Power,
So pure, that if bleſt Saints could be
Taught Innocence, they'd gladly learn of thee.
Thy Virtues height in Heaven alone could grow
Nor to ought elſe would for Acceſſion owe;
't only now's more perfect than it was below.

XXXII.

Hence, tho' at once thy Soul liv'd here and there,
Yet Heaven alone its Thoughts did ſhare;
It own'd no home, but in the active Sphere.
Its Motions always did to that bright Centre rowl,
And ſeem'd t' inform thee only on Parole.
ook how the Needle does to its dear *North* incline,
As wer't not fixt 'twould to that Region climb;
Or mark what hidden force
Bids the Flame upwards take its courſe,
And makes it with that Swiftneſs riſe,

As if 'twere wing'd by th' Air thro' which it flies.
Such a ſtrong Virtue did thy Inclinations bend,
And made 'em ſtill to the bleſt Manſions tend.
That mighty Slave whom thy proud Victor's (Rage
Shut Priſ'ner in a golden Cage,
Condem'd to glorious Vaſſalage,
Ne'er long'd for dear Enlargement more,
Nor his gay Bondage with leſs Patience bore,
Than this great Spirit brookt its tedious Stay,
While fetter'd here in brittle Clay,
And wiſh'd to diſengage and fly away.
It vex'd and chaf'd, and ſtill deſir'd to be
Releas'd to the ſweet Freedom of Eternity.

XXXIII.

Nor were its Wiſhes long unheard,
Fate ſoon at its deſire appear'd,
And ſtraight for an Aſſault prepar'd.
A ſudden and a ſwift Diſeaſe
Firſt on thy Heart Life's chiefeſt Fort does ſeize,
And then on all the Suburb vitals preys:

Next

Next it corrupts thy tainted Blood,
And ſcatters Poyſon through its purple Flood.
Sharp Aches in thick Troops it ſends,
And Pain, which like a Rack the Nerves extends.
Anguiſh through every Member flies,
And all thoſe inward *Gemonies*
Whereby frail Fleſh in Torture dies.
All the ſtaid Glories of thy Face,
Where ſprightly Youth lay cheekt with manly Grace,
Are now impair'd,
And quite by the rude hand of Sickneſs mar'd,
Thy Body where due Symmetry
In juſt proportions once did lie,
Now hardly could be known,
Its very Figure out of Faſhion grown;
And ſhould thy Soul to its old Seat return,
And Life once more adjourn,
'Twould ſtand amaz'd to ſee its alter'd Frame,
And doubt (almoſt) whether its own Carcaſs were the ſame.

XXXIV.

And here thy Sickness does new matter raise
Both for thy Virtue and our Praise;
'Twas here thy Picture look'd most near,
When deep'st in Shades 'twas set,
Thy Virtues only thus could fairer be
Advantag'd by the Foil of Misery.
Thy Soul which hasten'd now to be enlarg'd,
And of its grosser Load discharg'd,
Began to act above its wonted rate,
And gave a Prelude of its next unbody'd State.
So dying Tapers near their Fall,
When their own Lustre lights their Funeral,
Contract their Strength into one brighter Fire,
And in that Blaze triumphantly expire,
So the bright Globe that rules the Skies,
Tho' he gild Heav'n with a glorious Rise,
Reserves his choicest Beams to grace his Set:
And then he looks most great,
And then in greatest Splendor dies.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Thou ſharpeſt Pains didſt with that Courage (bear,
And ſtill thy Looks ſo unconcern'd didſt wear:
Beholders ſeem'd more indiſpos'd than thee;
For they were ſick in Effigie.
Like ſome well-faſhion'd Arch thy Patience ſtood,
And purchas'd Firmneſs from its greater Load,
Thoſe Shapes of Torture, which to view in Paint
Would make another faint,
Thou couldſt endure with true Reality,
And feel what ſome could hardly bear to ſee.
Thoſe *Indians* who their Kings by Tortures choſe,
Subjecting all the Royal Iſſue to that Teſt,
Could ne'er thy Sway refuſe,
If he deſerves to reign that ſuffers beſt.
Had thoſe fierce Savages thy Patience view'd,
Thou'dſt claim'd their Choice alone;
They with a Crown had paid thy Fortitude,
And crown'd thy Death-bed too a Throne.

XXXVII.

All those Heroick Pieties,
Whose Zeal to Truth made them its Sacrifice:
Those nobler *Scævola's*, whose holy Rage
Did their whole selves in cruel Flames engage,
Who did amidst their Force unmov'd appear,
As if those Fires but lambent were;
Or they had founded their *Empyreum* there.
Might these repeat again their Days beneath,
They'd seem their Fates out-acted by a natural Death.
And each of them to thee resign his Wreath,
In spite of Weakness and harsh Destiny.
To relish Torment, and enjoy a Misery:
So to caress a Doom,
As make its Sufferings Delights become:
So to triumph o'er Sense and thy Disease,
As amongst Pains to revel in soft Ease:
These Wonders did thy Virtues worth enhanse,
And Sickness to dry Martyrdom advance.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

Yet could not all theſe Miracles ſtern Fate avert,
Or make't without the Dart.
Only ſhe paus'd a while with Wonder ſtrook,
A while ſhe doubted if that Deſtiny was thine,
And turn'd o'er again the dreadful Book,
And hop'd ſhe had miſtook;
And wiſh'd ſhe might have cut another Line.
But dire Neceſſity
Soon cry'd 'twas thee,
And bad her give the fatal Blow.
Strait ſhe obeys, and ſtrait the vital Powers grow
To weak to grapple with a ſtronger Foe,
And now the feeble Striſe forgoe.
Life's ſap'd Foundation every Moment ſinks,
And every Breath to leſſer compaſs ſhrinks;
Laſt panting Gaſps grow weaker each Rebound,
Like the faint Tremblings of a dying Sound:
And doubtful Twilight hovers o'er the Light,
Ready to uſher in Eternal Night.

XXXIX.

Yet here thy Courage taught thee to out-brave
All the ſlight Horrors of the Grave:
Pale Death's Arreſt
Ne'er ſhock'd thy Breaſt;
Nor could it in the dreadfulſt Figure dreſt.
That ugly Skeleton may guilty Spirits daunt,
When the dire Ghoſts of Crimes departed haunt,
Arm'd with bold Innocence thou couldſt that *Mormo* dare,
And on the bare-fac'd King of Terrors ſtare,
As free from all Effects as from the cauſe of Fear.
Thy Soul ſo willing from thy Body went,
As if both parted by Conſent.
No Murmur, no Complaining, no Delay,
Only a Sigh, a Groan, and ſo away.
Death ſeem'd to glide with Pleaſure in,
As if in this Senſe too't had loſt her Sting.
Like ſome well-acted Comedy Life ſwiftly paſt,
And ended juſt ſo ſtill and ſweet at laſt.

Thou

Thou like its Actors, seem'dst in borrow'd Habit here beneath,
And couldst, as easily
As they do that, put off Mortality.
Thou Breathedst out thy Soul as free as common (Breath,
As unconcern'd as they are in a feigned Death.

XL.

Go happy Soul, ascend the joyful Sky,
Joyful to shine with thy bright Company:
Go mount the spangled Sphere,
And make it brighter by another Star:
Yet stop not there, till thou advance yet higher,
'Till thou art swallow'd quite
In the vast unexhausted Ocean of Delight:
Delight, which there alone in its true Essence is,
Where Saints keep an eternal Carnival of Bliss:
Where the *Regalio*'s of refined Joy,
Which fill, but never cloy,
Where Pleasures ever growing, ever new,
Immortal as thy self, and boundless too:

There

There may'st thou learned by *Compendium* grow;
For which in vain below
We so much time, and so much pains bestow.
There may'st thou all *Idea*'s see,
All wonders which in Knowledg be
In that fair beatifick mirror of the Deity.

XLI.

Mean while thy Body mourns in its own Dust,
And puts on Sables for its tender Trust.
Tho' dead, it yet retains some untoucht Grace,
Wherein we may the Soul's fair Foot-steps trace;
Which no Disease can frighten from its wonted place:
E'en its Deformities do thee become,
And only serve to consecrate thy Doom.
Those marks of Death which did its Surface stain
Now hallow, not profane.
Each Spot does to a Ruby turn;
Those Asterisks plac'd in the Margin of thy Skin

Point

Point out the nobler Soul that dwelt within:
Thy leſſer, like the greater World appears
All over bright, all over ſtuck with Stars.
So *Indian* Luxury when it would be trim,
Hangs Pearls on every Limb.
Thus amongſt ancient *Picts* Nobility
In Blemiſhes did lie;
Each by his Spots more honorable grew,
And from their Store a greater Value drew:
Their Kings were known by th' Royal Stains they bore,
And in their Skins their Ermin wore.

XLII.

Thy Blood where Death triumph'd in greateſt State,
Whoſe Purple ſeem'd the Badge of Tyrant-Fate,
And all thy Body o'er
Its ruling Colours bore:
That which infected with the noxious Ill
But lately help'd to kill,
Whoſe Circulation fatal grew,

And

And thro' each part a ſwifter Ruin threw.
Now conſcious, its own Murther would arraign,
And throngs to ſally out at every Vein.
Each Drop a redder than its native Dye puts on,
As if in its own Bluſhes 'twould its Guilt attone.
A ſacred Rubrick does thy Carcaſs paint,
And Death in every Member writes thee Saint.
So *Phœbus* cloaths his dying Rays each Night,
And bluſhes he can live no longer to give Light.

XLIII.

Let Fools, whoſe dying Fame requires to have
Like their own Carcaſſes a Grave,
Let them with vain Expence adorn
Some coſtly Urn,
Which ſhortly, like themſelves, to Duſt ſhall turn
Here lacks no *Carian* Sepulchre,
Which Ruin ſhall ere long in its own Tomb inter.
No fond *Ægyptian* Fabrick built ſo high
As if 'twould climb the Sky,
And thence reach Immortality.

Thy

Thy Virtues ſhall embalm thy Name,
And make it laſting as the Breath of Fame,
When frailer Braſs
Shall moulder by a quick Decreaſe;
When brittle Marble ſhall decay,
And to the Jaws of Time become a Prey.
Thy Praiſe ſhall live, when Graves ſhall buried lie,
Till Time it ſelf ſhall die,
And yield its triple Empire to Eternity.

To

To the Memory of that worthy Gentleman, Mr. Harman Atwood.

PINDARIQUE.

I.

NO, I'll no more repine at Destiny,
Now we poor common Mortals are content to die,
When thee, blest Saint, we cold and breathless see,
Thee, who if ought that's great and brave,
Ought that is excellent might save.
Had justly claim'd Exemption from the Grave,
And cancell'd the black irreversible Decree.
Thou didst alone such Worth, such Goodness share
As well deserv'd to be immortal here;
Deserve a Life as lasting as the Fame thou art to wear.
At least, why went thy Soul without its Mate?

Why

Why did they not together undivided go?
So went (we're told) the famed illustrious TWO:
(Nor could they greater Merits shew
Altho' the best of Patriarchs that,
And this the best of Prophets was)
Heav'n did alive the blessed Pair translate;
Alive they launch'd into Life's boundless Happiness,
And never past Death's Straights and narrow Seas;
Ne'er enter'd the dark gloomy Thorowfare of Fate.

II.

The
Long time had the Profession under Scandal lain,
And felt a general tho' unjust Disdain,
An upright Lawyer Contradiction seem'd,
And was at least a Prodigy esteem'd.
If one perhaps did in an Age appear,
He was recorded like some Blazing Star;
And Statues were erected to the wondrous Man,
As heretofore to the strange honest Publican.
To thee the numerous Calling all its thanks should give,

To thee who couldst alone its lost Repute retrieve.
Thou the vast wide extremes didst reconcile,
The first, almost, e'er taught it was not to beguile.
To each thou didst distribute Right so equally,
Ev'n Justice might her self correct her Scales by thee.
And none did now regret
Her once bewail'd Retreat,
Since all enjoy'd her better Deputy.
Henceforth succeeding Time shall bear in mind,
And Chronicle the best of all the kind:
The best e'er since the man that gave
Our suffering God a Grave;
(That God who living no abode could find,
Tho' he the World had made, and was to save)
Embalming him, he did embalm his Memory,
And make it from Corruption free:
Those Odors kindly lent perfum'd the Breath of (Fame,
And fixt a lasting Fragrancy upon his Name;
And rais'd it with his Saviour to an Immortality.

III. Hence

III.

Hence the ſtale muſty Paradox of equal Souls,
That ancient vulgar Error of the Schools,
Avow'd by dull Philoſophers and thinking Fools.
Here might they find their feeble Arguments o'erthrown:
Here might the grave Diſputers find
Themſelves all baffl'd by a ſingle Mind,
And ſee one vaſtly larger than their own,
Tho all of theirs were mixt in one.
A Soul as great as e'er vouchſaf'd to be
Inhabiter in low Mortality;
As e'er th' Almighty Artiſt labour'd to infuſe,
Thro' all his Mint he did the brighteſt chuſe;
With his own Image ſtampt it fair,
And bid it ever the Divine Impreſſion wear:
And ſo it did, ſo pure, ſo well,
We hardly could believe him of the Race that fell:
So ſpotleſs ſtill, and ſtill ſo good,

As if it never lodg'd in Flesh and Blood.
Hence conscious too, how high, how nobly born:
It never did reproach its Birth,
By valuing ought of base or meaner worth,
But look'd on earthly Grandeur with Contempt and Scorn.

IV.

Like his All-great Creator, who
Can only by diffusing greater grow:
He made his chiefest Glory to communicate,
And chose the fairest Attribute to imitate.
So kind, so generous, and so free,
As if he only liv'd in Courtesie.
To be unhappy did his Pity claim,
Only to want it did deserve the same:
Nor lack'd there other Rhetorick than Innocence and Misery.
His unconfin'd unhoarded Store
Was still the vast Exchequer of the poor;
And whatsoe'er in pious Acts went out
He did in his own Inventory put:

For

For well the wise and prudent Banker knew
His Gracious Sovereign above would all repay,
And all th' expences of his Charity defray;
And so he did, both Principal and Interest too,
And he by holy Prodigality more wealthy grew.
Such, and so universal is the Influence
Which the kind bounteous Sun does here dispense:
With an unwearied indefatigable Race,
He travels round the World each day,
And visits all Mankind, and every place,
And scatters Light and Blessings all the way.
Tho' he each hour new Beams expend,
Yet does he not like wasting Tapers spend.
Tho' he ten thousand years disburse in Light,
The boundless Stock can never be exhausted quite.

V.

Nor was his Bounty stinted or design'd,
As theirs who only partially are kind;
Or give where they Return expect to find:

But like his Soul, its fair Original:
'Twas all in all,
And all in every part,
Silent as his Devotion, open as his Heart.
Brib'd with the Pleasure to oblige and gratifie,
As Air and Sunshine he dispos'd his kindness free,
Yet scorn'd Requitals, and worse hated Flattery,
And all obsequious Pomp of vain Formality,
Thus the Almighty Bounty does bestow
Its Favors on our undeserving Race below:
Confer'd on all its loyal Votaries;
Confer'd alike on its rebellious Enemies,
To it alone our All we owe,
All that we are and are to be,
Each Art and Science to its Liberality,
And this same trifling jingling thing call'd Poetry.
Yet the great Donor does no costly Gratitude re-
(quire,
No Charge of Sacrifice desire;
Nor are w' expensive Hecatombs to raise,
As heretofore,

To

To make his Altars float with reeking Gore,
A ſmall Return the mighty Debt and Duty pays,
Ev'n the cheap humble Off'ring of worthleſs Thanks and Praiſe.

IV.

But how, bleſt Saint, ſhall I thy numerous Virtues (ſum,
If one or two take up this room?
To what vaſt bulk muſt the full *Audit* come?
As that bold Hand that drew the faireſt Deity,
Had many naked Beauties by, (Line,
And took from each a ſeveral Grace, and Air, and
And all in one Epitome did joyn
To paint his bright Immortal in a Form Divine:
So muſt I do to frame thy Character.
I'll think whatever Men can good and lovely call,
And then abridge it all,
And crowd, and mix the various *Idea*'s there;
And yet at laſt of a juſt Praiſe deſpair,
Whatever ancient Worthies boaſt,

Which made themſelves and Poets their Deſcribers great,
From whence old Zeal did Gods and Shrines cre-(ate;
Thou hadſt thy ſelf alone engroſt,
And all their ſcatter'd Glories in thy Soul did (meet:
And future Ages, when they eminent Virtues ſee,
(If any after thee
Dare the Pretence of Virtue own,
Without the Fear of being far out-done)
Shall count 'em all but Legacy,
Which from the Strength of thy Example flow,
And thy fair Copy in a leſs correct Edition ſhow.

VII.

Religion over all did a juſt Conduct claim,
No falſe Religion which from Cuſtom came,
Which to its Font and Country only ow'd its Name:
No Iſſue of devout and zealous Ignorance,
Or the more dull Effect of Chance;
But 'twas a firm well-grounded Piety,

That

That knew all that it did believe, and why;
And for the glorious Cauſe durſt die,
And durſt out-ſuffer ancient Martyrology.
So knit and interwoven with its being ſo,
Moſt thought it did not from his Duty, but his Nature flow.
Exalted far above the vain ſmall Attacks of Wit,
And all that vile gay lewd Buffoons can bring,
Who try by little Railleries to ruin it,
And jeer't into an unreguarded poor defenceleſs thing.
The Men of Sence who in Confederacy join
To damn Religion, had they view'd but thine,
They'd have confeſt it pure, confeſt it all divine,
And free from all Pretences of Impoſture or Deſign.
Pow'rful enough to counteract lewd Poets and the Stage,
And Proſelyte as faſt as they debauch the Age;
So good, it might alone a guilty condemn'd World reprieve,
Should a deſtroying Angel ſtand
With brandiſh'd Thunder in his Hand,
Ready

Ready the bidden Stroke to give;
Or a new Deluge threaten this and every Land.

VIII.

Religion once a quiet and a peaceful Name,
Which all the Epithets of Gentleness did claim,
Late prov'd the Source of Faction and intestine Jars:
Like the fair teeming *Hebrew*, she
Did travel with a wrangling Progeny,
And harbor'd in her Bowels, Feuds and Civil Wars.
Surly, uncomplaisant, and rough she grew,
And of a soft and easie Mistris turn'd a Shrew.
Passion and Anger went for marks of Grace,
And Looks deform'd and sullen sanctifyed a Face.
Thou first its meek and primitive Temper didst restore,
First shew'dst how men were pious heretofore:
The gall-less Dove, which otherwhere could find no Rest,
Early retreated to its Ark, thy Breast,
And straight the swelling Waves decreast
And straight tempestuous Passions ceast,
Like

Like Winds and Storms where some fair *Halcyon*
builds her Neſt,
No overthreatning Zeal did thee inſpire,
But 'twas a kindly gentle Fire,
To warm, but not devour,
And only did refine, and make more pure:
Such is that Fire that makes thy preſent bleſt A-
(bode
The Reſidence and Palace of our God.
And ſuch was that bright unconſuming Flame,
So mild, ſo harmleſs and ſo tame,
Which heretofore ith' Buſh to *Moſes* came:
At firſt the Viſion did the wondring Prophet
ſcare,
(Fear,
But when the Voice had check'd his needleſs
He bow'd and worſhipp'd and confeſt the Deity was
(there.

IV.

Hail Saint Triumphant! hail Heav'ns happy Gueſt.
Hail new Inhabitant amongſt the Bleſt!
Methinks I ſee kind Spirits in convoy meet,
And with loud Welcomes thy Arrival greet.
Who,

Who, could they grieve, would go with Grief away
To see a Soul more white, more pure than they:
By them thou'rt led on high
To the vast glorious Apartment of the Deity.
Where circulating Pleasures make an endless Round
To which scant Time or Measure sets no Bound,
Perfect unmixt Delights without Alloy,
And whatsoe'er does earthly Bliss annoy,
Which oft does in Fruition Pall and oft'ner Cloy:
Where Being is no longer Life but Extasie,
But one long Transport of unutterable Joy.
A Joy above the boldest flights of daring Verse,
And all a Muse unglorified can fancy or rehearse:
There happy Thou
From Troubles and the bustling Toil of Business free,
From noise and *tracas* of tumultuous Life below,
Enjoy'st the still and calm Vacation of Eternity.

FINIS.